Vol. CXXVII. No. 1656.

Fit Triplex -and be safe STANDARDS do!

THE BYSTANDER. SEPTEMBER 11, 1935.

The BYSTANDER

SPORT STAGE SOCIETY RACING
GOSSIP GOLF FILMS FASHIONS

1/=

"BYSTANDER" SHORT STORY—No. 2

"BYSTANDER" GIRLS' OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP

GUARANTEED FULLY SHRUNK COURTAULDS COURTINE

Keep your clothes smart till finished with by asking your Tailor to use

"Courtine" (REGISTERED) LININGS

The name is on the selvedge.

GUARANTEED FULLY SHRUNK. WOVEN BY COURTAULDS.

If any difficulty in obtaining write to COURTAULDS Ltd., 16 St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C.1

BOLLINGER

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING.

CHAMPAGNE

1928 VINTAGE and SPECIAL CUVÉE.

STAND BY McCALLUM'S

FOUNDED 1807

"Perfection" SCOTS WHISKY

A GRAND STANDBY

A Genuine White Lady Cocktail must contain Cointreau

COINTREAU

Extra Dry for England

THE WELL BALANCED LIQUEUR

By Appointment.

PARIPAN ENAMEL

"The more you wash it the better it looks."

BRITISH OWNED AND BRITISH MADE.

PARIPAN LIMITED, LONDON.

MARTELL'S COGNAC

Cordon Bleu

GUARANTEED 35 YEARS IN CASK

PRICE ONE SHILLING: By Inland Post, 1s. 1½d. OFFICES—LONDON: 346, Strand, W.C.2. PARIS: 65-67, Avenue des Champs-Elysées, Paris, viii. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

AMUSEMENTS

COLISEUM. (Charing Cross.) (Temple Bar 3161.)
Evenings at 8.30. Mats., Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 2.30.
GAY DECEIVERS. "A Great Musical Comedy."—*Daily Mail.*
Prices (including tax), 12/6, 7/6, 6/-, 5/-, 3/6, 3/-, 2/-.

BRITISH HOTELS

RECUPERATE IN THE SUNSHINE
Laze in the long sun-lounge, watch the sea and relax, far away from worries of Town life. Make your home at the Royal Victoria. Private suites or single rooms. Special menus. H. & c. water all rooms. Central and electric heating Garage. From 4½ guineas.
Historic
ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL
ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA. *Tel.: Hastings 869.*

England's most beautiful holiday-land — the Lake District. Its leading Hotel —
THE KESWICK
at KESWICK-ON-DERWENTWATER.
Illustrated tariff from J. & M. WIVELL & SON. *Proprietors.*

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

AUSTRIA.

Badgastein. — **"Der Kaiserhof."** — The Hotel of distinction, comfort, perf. service. Unrivalled position in own vast park.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

CHANNEL ISLANDS.

Guernsey.—Moore's Queen's Hotel.—Fully licensed, with h. & c. running water. Central. 3 Gns. to end of June. 4 Gns. summer. A.A.

FRANCE.

Paris. — **Hotel Lutetia.** — Of universal renown. Every possible comfort. Rooms from Frs. 25.

Biarritz.—Hotel Le Sahel.—All comfort. Restaurant facing sea. First-class cuisine. Pens. from 60-80 Frs.

Cannes.–Spend Summer at the **Htl. Miramar.** Its New Grill—where good taste and good living are insep'ble. All r'ms with priv. bath.

Versailles.–**"Le Home Versaillais,"** 58, rue du Maréchal Foch. Rooms. Studios. Furn'd flats, 1st-class installation. Moderate terms.

GERMANY.

Berlin. — **Hotel Alhambra.** — Best quiet position at 68, Kurfürstendamm. Each room priv. bath, wireless, telephone. From RM.8.

Cologne.—Hotel Comoedienhof.—Dignified hotel with all com. Near Cathedral. Rms. fr. RM.4, with p.b.fr.RM.8. Man. A. Grieshaber.

Hamburg.—Hotel Atlantic.—On the Alsterbasin, 2 minutes from the main station. Excellent Grill and Bar in new style.

Leipzig.–Hotel Astoria.–The latest & most perf. Hotel bldg. Select home of Intern. Soc. & Aristoc. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Mannheim.-Palace Htl., Mannheimer Hof.- Latest Creation of European Htl. Technique. Mod. rates. 20 mins. drive from Heidelberg.

Stuttgart. — **Hotel Graf Zeppelin.** — Facing Main Station. The most up-to-date Hotel in South Germany.

Stuttgart. — **Hotel Viktoria.** — Most distinguished world-wide known house. Seasonable terms.

Wiesbaden.–Hotel Schwarzer Bock.–1st-cl. fam. Hotel. 300 beds. Med. bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pens. from Mk. 8.

Wiesbaden.–Hotel Rose.–World-renowned Hotel. Own bathing estab. Patronised by H.R.H. Prince of Wales. Pens. from 11 Mks.

Wiesbaden.-Htl. Nassauer Hof.-Wld.-renwd. Fin. pos. opp. pk. & Op'r. Wiesbaden Springs. Pat. by best Brit. Soc. Pens. from 12 Mks.

Wiesbaden. — **Palast Hotel.** — First-class Hotel, opp. Kochbrunnen. Every possible comf. Own bath-estab. Pens. from RM. 10.

SWITZERLAND.

Geneva.–The Beau-Rivage.–Finest pos. on the lake, fac. Mt. Blanc. All mod. comfort. Former prices reduced. Rms. fm. Sw. Frs. 7.

Geneva. — **Hotel Richemond.** — First-class family hotel, overlooking lake. Most up-to-date. Rooms from 6 Frs.

Lausanne. — **Belvedere Hotel.** — Best pos., first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £5.

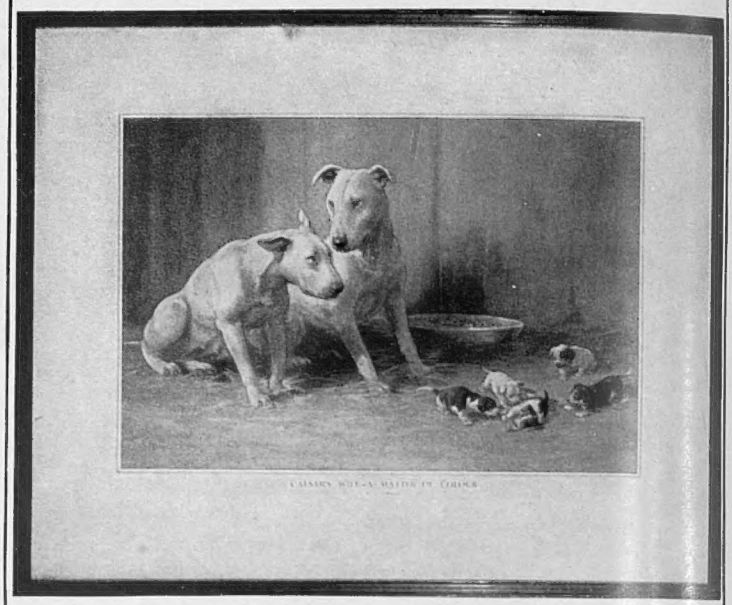
Lausanne - Palace - Beau - Site.—First class at reasonable rates. Exc. cuisine. Nicest position. Park. Garage. Priv. Tennis. Golf.

Lausanne.—The Hotel Victoria.—Homelike house. Latest comf. R'ms. from 5 Frs., incl. terms 13 Frs. Garden. Gar. Rest'nt.

Zurich - Dolder. — **Dolder Grand Hotel.** — 1900 ft. Golf in front of Hotel—Wonderful view—Swimming pool. Ideal for after-cures.

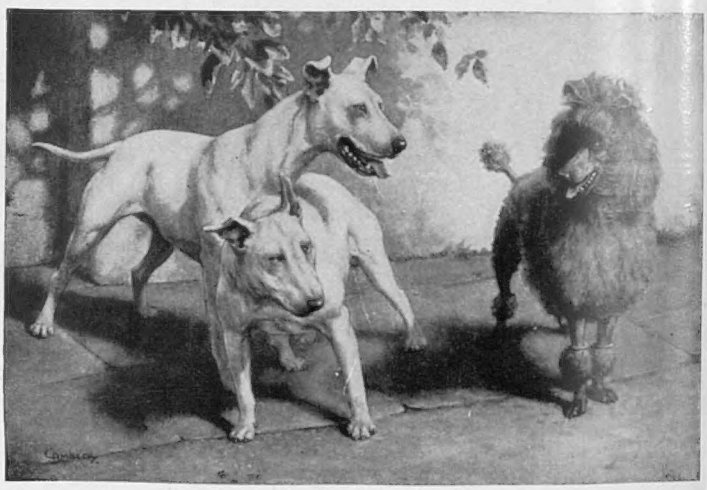
SPORTING BRONZES . . .
Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsmen-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend.
Prices from 4 gns.
THE SPORTING GALLERY, 7, Grafton St., Bond St., London, W.1.

Two Interesting Dog Studies



CÆSAR'S WIFE—A MATTER OF COLOUR.
By C. Ambler.

This unique picture having proved such an enormous success, a companion picture has been made by the artist,
in



HE, SHE, AND THE HUSSY.
By C. Ambler.

Copies of each picture in full colour, on plate sunk mounts (actual size of picture 15″ × 10¼″), can be supplied at **5**/- each.

Copies signed by the artist **10**/- each.

Postage in each case 6d. extra.

Or framed complete in best quality ½″ Polished Black Moulding, with plywood back and glass, as shown at top. Size over all 20¾″ × 16¾″. Packed in wooden crate and carriage paid in Great Britain and Ireland (excluding the Irish Free State) **10/6** each.

Or copies signed by the artist **15/6.**

Orders with remittance to be sent to:

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS,
346 STRAND, W.C.2.

The Bystander, September 11, 1935

The BYSTANDER

No. 1656. Vol. CXXVII.

KATHARINE HEPBURN IN *BREAK OF HEARTS*

Yes, that's really the title of her new film, and the story is to match, a sentimental melodrama which doesn't touch reality. Katharine Hepburn is a young composer with an orchestral conductor as husband, played by the attractive Charles Boyer. The two fall out, whereupon conductor Roberti does a decline and fall to drink and poverty—to be rescued therefrom in the last scenes, and restored to his former fame by his repentant wife. Katharine Hepburn seems to have mislaid the spontaneity and freshness that was at first her outstanding quality, but she is still one of the screen's most interesting personalities. "Break of Hearts" is showing at the Plaza this week

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 119

André Charlot

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

André Charlot is one of the biggest Frenchmen I have ever met. He is also the only man I know personally who has a bar sinister. Both are the result of his left-handed descent from the Kings of Poland. His motto is "Tout ou Rien." His favourite companion is a huge Great Dane. His passion is bridge. His abomination is farce. His accent is still Chevalier-esque. His original intention was to be a cross between Beethoven and Chopin—for which he studied harmony at the Conservatoire.

The discoverer of Phyllis Monkman, Jack Buchanan, Jack Hulbert, Beatrice Lillie, Ronald Jeans, Hastings Turner, Rowland Leigh, Gilbert Childs, "Bunnie" Bannerman, Jessie Matthews, Blaney and Farrar is the son of a Paris theatrical manager. In 1912 he became managing director of the Alhambra and gave London its first full-length revue, *Kill that Fly*. Later, under his management, Teddie Gerard reached the peak of her fame. Noel Coward wrote his first revue for him. So did Hastings Turner. June was in his chorus. So was Ivy Tresmand.

André is a curious chap. He has an intensely active mind in an intensely lazy body. That is why he adores to go on a cruise. He is stupidly superstitious, hating the numbers four and eight, for example. He smokes too much, but has no respect for people who don't like good food. As to the theatre, André has always put on his shows like a father bringing up his children, and his personal parental influence is noticeable throughout his productions. But, as so often happens in the case of fathers, his children, just when they start to become a paying proposition, transfer their affections elsewhere. One might almost say of the revue stage to-day, "Charlot giveth and Cochran taketh away."

In private life André cares for no exercise except riding and tennis. He only likes champagne, but not too much of it. He belongs to the Stage Golfing Society, but nothing on earth would induce him to play golf. His greatest stage success was *Buzz Buzz*, which ran fifteen months. His favourite theatre is the Vaudeville, which he has now taken on an indefinite lease, and where last week he produced *Stop—Go!* with Douglas Byng, Mary Brian, and Dorothy Ward. He adores the films, and spent six months in Paris with Alexander Korda learning about them. But no one has ever asked him to exploit that knowledge in practical fashion. He remains cheerful, philosophical, spectacled, massive, and (for the past thirteen years) a naturalised British subject.

Lydia Sherwood

A Promising Young Actress

Lydia Sherwood has a leading part in "Nina," the German comedy that is starting its English-version run at the Criterion next week, with Lucie Mannheim as the star. She had her first big stage success as Charlotte Brontë, in Alfred Sangster's "The Brontës," two years ago. Has been on the stage ten years (since she was nineteen), has made a New York appearance, and has done quite a bit of film work as well—in "Don Quixote," "King of Paris," and "Little Friend," which starred the child-actress Nova Pilbeam

Miss Rohays Burnett and

Miss Rohays Burnett came over to the Sir James and Lady Burnett of Jock Skeffington is Lord and Lady

The March of the Clansmen at Braemar

The parade of the Balmoral, Invercauld and Duff Highlanders is one of the great features of the Braemar Gathering, and a most impressive sight it is. And sound, too, as each body of clansmen is piped on to the ground. There were over 15,000 people at the Gathering last week, including Princess Arthur of Connaught, who took the highlanders' salute from the Royal Box

Right: Miss Dorothy North, the Hon. Dudley North's elder daughter, sat in the rain and watched the Aboyne Games with Mr. Dochie MacGregor of Cardney

Racing at Lanark

Miss D. Knox, Miss Anne Ross and Mr. Pat Scott were at the Lanark Autumn Meeting, which is one of the first of the Scottish season of racing

Right: Lord and Lady Huntly and their nieces, Marjory and Isabelle Meiser, at the Aboyne Games. Lord Huntly, who is eighty-eight, presided at the Games; he is chieftain of the Clan Gordon

the Hon. Jock Skeffington

Braemar Gathering with her parents, Leys, from Crathes Castle. The Hon. Massereene and Ferrard's only son

Lady Dunedin and Mr. Henderson Stewart

Left: Lady Dunedin and Mr. Henderson Stewart were photographed at Colle-Bheithe, the Dunedins' Braemar house. Mr. Henderson Stewart is M.P. for West Fife, and a brother of Sophie Stewart, the actress. Lady Dunedin's home town is Aberdeen

Lady Alice Scott at Home

Lady Alice Scott (centre) is with her mother, the Duchess of Buccleuch, and two of her sisters, Lady Angela Scott, the youngest, and Lady Margaret Hawkins, the eldest. This was at Bowhill, the Buccleuchs' place near Selkirk, just before her visit to Balmoral

North Berwick Bunker

Lady Oxford and Asquith always plays some autumn golf at North Berwick, and here she is doing it—for the moment with her niblick

Mr. and Mrs. Robin Bushman also play North Berwick golf at this time of year. He is in the Grenadier Guards, and she was Leslie Lampson

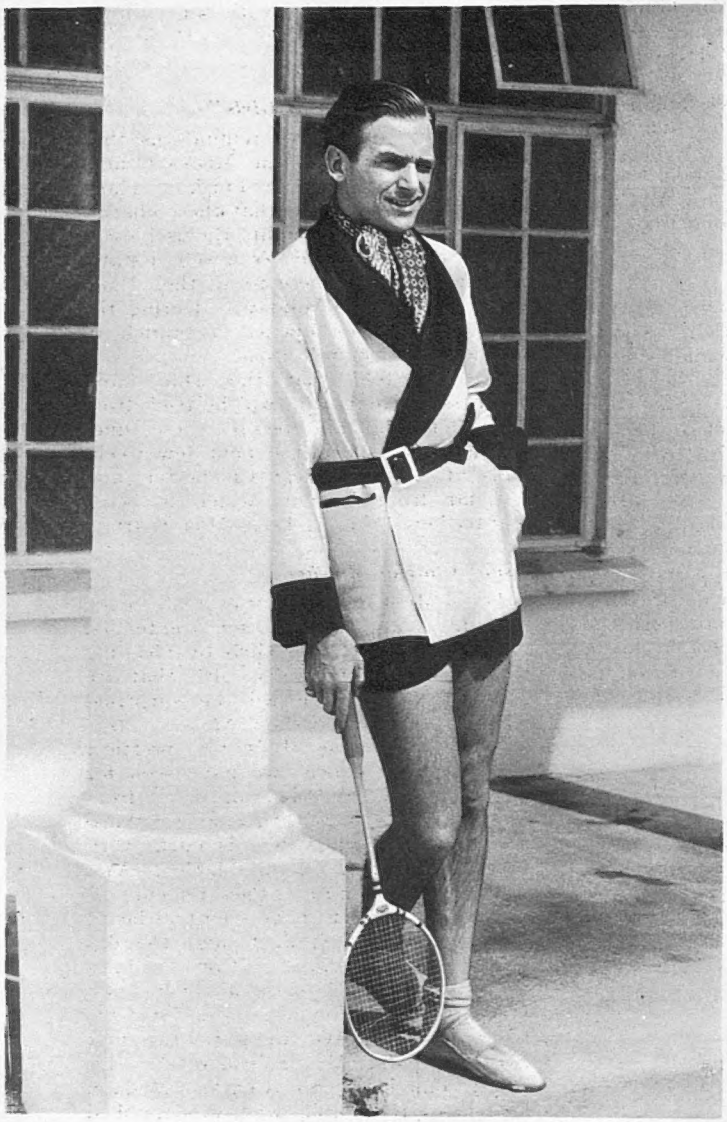
Scottish Roundabout

The Social Date Book Is Still Tartan - Covered

Right: Miss Nan McGowan, Mr. Tommy Weldon, the Hon. Lavinia Strutt and Mr. Antony Acton between drives on Barmekyn Hill. They were in Lord Cowdray's party at Dunecht, in Aberdeenshire

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society



Douglas Fairbanks, Junior

Right: Mr. and Mrs. Harry Roy have been honeymooning on the Riviera, and were photographed at the Summer Sporting Club at Monte Carlo. They were married at the beginning of August. Mrs. Roy was Elizabeth Brooke, and is the Rajah of Sarawak's daughter

Mr. and

Left: Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, has been on holiday in Cornwall, where squash at the Carlyon Bay Riviera Club is one way of taking exercise. The sea air had been getting at Mr. Fairbanks' racquet

Right: Miss Kathleen Meyrick, one of the late Mrs. Kate Meyrick's daughters, is engaged to Lord Howard of Effingham, the Earl of Effingham's elder son. She is the fourth of the Meyrick sisters to marry; the other three are Lady Kinnoull, Lady de Clifford, and Mrs. Edward St. Aubyn

Miss Kathleen Meyrick

MAYFAIR and the well-known haunts seemed emptier last week than at any time in August—probably a now-or-never dash to the sea or the moors before it 's too late. First nights on Tuesday and Wednesday, however, brought people together, and the usual celebrities and "some others" faced the flashlight photographers and swarmed into the Savoy grill-room, which has the most interesting and international clientèle in London.

Was It Wallace Beery?

WE are supposed to be crack star-spotters, but could get no confirmation as to whether we really did see Wallace Beery or not on Tuesday night. Raymond Massey and his wife we certainly did see. They had Lady Colefax and Lady Cunard at their table. Lady Alington was another we saw, and pretty Joan Clarkson (Mrs. Mollison), who, though beautiful, has more sense of humour than most plain girls. What 's that got to do with it? We wouldn't know.

A Silver-Haired Celebrity

DAVID HERBERT and Michael Renshaw, "straight from Maxine's" (which means Miss Elliot's famous villa at Cannes), were others we saw. Lady de Frece, who bears a faint resemblance to Lady Cunard, had been to the première of *Accent on Youth* in a silver fox cape, her rows of exquisite pearls and a simple black dress. Another silver-haired celebrity was Mrs. Dudley Gilroy, who was supping with Miss Irene Browne.

An Ever-Open Bar

THAT very hospitable young man, Mr. Chester Beatty, who is half-English and half-American, has one of the finest private swimming-pools in England at his place, Cowlees, in Kent. The house is a converted farm-house, and the swimming-pool is in an old barn that once housed eighty cows. There is a bar that never shuts, numerous dressing-rooms, even a mangle to squeeze the dripping suits. Parties from neighbouring houses invade the pool at all hours of the day and night, people thinking nothing of driving there and back, perhaps ten miles each way, three times a day, and it 's certainly worth it.

Teeth Like Peeled Almonds

LITTLE Mona Simpson was down there last week-end. There 's a girl who is grand fun on a party, and who looks even more attractive in a pair of shorts, a Woolworth shirt, and her hair "all anyhow," than in her best frock at the Embassy. She has a neat little figure, a neat little profile, and teeth like peeled almonds. She has an enormous success, and some of the girls who try to vamp every man, who whisper in corners and are so coy and sly, might take a hint from her with immense advantage.

If we were asked to make a list of popular girls who were "good sorts" as well as being attractive, and in no sense being in that damning category of "meaning well," we would put Lady Patricia Mackay very high up. She is great fun, has charming manners, a very attractive appearance, and drives a car too fast, but extremely well. Small wonder that her friends—of both sexes and all ages—are legion.

Mrs. Harry Roy

Film-Producing Brother Eddie

WHAT other leading man that we know would pop into a part at the last minute, with no fuss or pomposity, and play the part to perfection? Who, indeed, but Mr. Eddie Tatham, who accepted the onerous duties of best man at Mr. Patrick Reid's wedding to Miss Molly Burt. At the reception we saw most of the Fitzwilliam family, the George Dundas's, Sir Anthony Weldon, Mrs. Roland Oliver, Lady Tredegar, and Ivis Goulding, from whom we gleaned the cheering news that her famous film-producing brother, Eddie, may visit these parts before long. Punch's Club "did" the reception, and took a special interest in it, as the bride, now Mrs. Reid, ran part of the Club at one time.

Equal to Eden Roc Tan

A NEW convert to the air-minded cult is Mrs. Anthony Jenkinson, who has been learning to fly while she and her husband have had a house near Sunningdale just recently. She is now in the cottage at Highclere that she shares with her sister, Miss Kit Dunn. They are being joined by Mrs. Patrick Davison, who has just given up her house at Worplesdon. They are charming girls, the Dunn sisters, devoted to dogs, horses, and everything appertaining to country life. Their casual dress and careless hair suits them to perfection, and they have both managed to acquire a shade of sunburn that no amount of oiling and exposure at Eden Roc could equal.

Down At Bognor

HAVING missed seeing *Romance* in our youth, and finding ourselves near Bognor the other night, we went to see a revival of the play which was made so famous by Doris Keane.

A remarkably clever performance was given by an actor with an unpronounceable name, Brefni O'Rorke, as Van Tuyl.

At Home to the "Old Girls"

SPEAKING of Bognor reminds us that devoted ex-pupils of the Misses Ozane, the owners of the famous finishing school in Paris, are delighted that these charming ladies have bought themselves a house there on the Craigwell Estate, and are at home there to all their "old girls" during the holidays. During the war, the Ozanes opened a branch in London in Cromwell Road.

We are told that the Duke and Duchess of Kent, who will be back from their long holiday before these lines appear, may spend the next few week-ends at Adsdean, near Chichester, and not far from Bognor, which is being lent to them by Lady Louis Mountbatten.

Usual Charlot Manner

DOES Mr. Clifford Whitley really back up his application for extended permits for Dorchester Girls by pleading that he can't get English girls that are suitable? If so, he will be surprised when he sees the new show, *Stop . . . Go!* at the Vaudeville. It's the prettiest and snappiest chorus we have seen for ages. Miss Mary Brian, imported from Hollywood, co-stars with Dorothy Ward and Douglas Byng. She is dark, very pretty, and shakes a nimble leg. You saw her in the film *Front Page*, remember?

We would like to have seen and heard more of Donald Stewart, and Douglas Byng was *marvellous*. Poor darlings, they did the whole show all over again at midnight in the usual Charlot first-night manner. We went to the first house, so did Mr. Selfridge and his eldest daughter, Sir Charles Higham and Elsie Randolph, who was mobbed by her fans as she was leaving.

A Big Business Girl

SUPPED that night at Quaglino's, which maintains its "out of" as well as "in season" reputation. There we saw the Maharanee of Cooch Behar, Sir Anthony Weldon, Lord Plunket, and the Earl of Jersey. Miss Phyllis Clare, late of several Charlot shows, is having a success there in cabaret. At lunch at "Quag's" the day before, we had run into Lord Tennyson, little seen in these parts these days, Mr. Toby Milbanke, back from Cannes, or wherever he went from there, Mrs. John Taylor, ditto from Deauville, and Miss Rose Taylor, no relation, but one of the big business girls of this town. She was lunching with Mrs. Crawford, who, though seldom mentioned, is really beautiful.

The "Four Hundred" after that, where we found Lord and Lady Delamere having an evening out, saw the blonde heads of Mr. Eddie Tatham and Mr. Rupert Belville looming through the darkened atmosphere. Miss Phyllis Hadland, one of the very best dancers in London, told us of her sister's wedding the other day to young Mr. Carlyon, who owns most of the St. Austell district we mentioned last week.

Avoiding Recognition

WE were right about Wallace Beery, after all. He is over here on a

The Earl of Londesborough and Miss Marigold Lubbock

Lord Londesborough and Miss Marigold Lubbock, daughter of the late Edgar Lubbock and Lady Kesteven, were married last week at Blankney Church, with a reception afterwards at Blankney Hall, Lord Londesborough's place. He and his bride have been Joint-Masters of the Blankney since 1933

GOING OUT TO GOINGS - ON

(Continued from page 421)

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Cook

Had their first partridge shoot of the season last week at Sennowe Park, in Norfolk. Thomas Cook has been M.P. for North Norfolk since 1931, when he won it from Lady Noel-Buxton; he had fought the seat three times before that. Mrs. Cook was Gweneth Evan Jones; her mother, Mrs. Spencer Evan Jones, also lives in Norfolk

Mr. Patrick Reid and Miss Molly Burt

Patrick Reid, of Wortley, Sheffield, son of the late W. S. S. Reid, and Lady Watts, and Molly Burt, daughter of the late J. A. Burt and Mrs. Burt, of Dunedin, New Zealand, were married last week at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, with Mr. Eddie Tatham as best man

Miss Jane Falcke

Here is Jane Falcke, who works in a shop in preference to going on the stage or films; she's so pretty she's had several contracts offered her. She likes riding and flying, has been holidaying in Majorca, and has an uncle called Shirley Falcke, who was in the Blues

more or less private visit, and when he was taken to see the Changing of the Guard the other day, he thought out a wonderful "suit" to avoid recognition. White trousers, black and white "co-respondent" shoes, a blue and white striped coat, a red Paisley tie and a straw boater. No wonder his fellow sightseers were none the wiser.

We Saw Ourselves

In one of the nine new plays that Mr. Noel Coward is sending on the road, he and Miss Lawrence are to have a scene together. If it could be anything like a reminder or a repetition of *Private Lives*, which we saw over and over again, and in which even the most humdrum people "saw themselves," what heaven for everyone.

"Gee," as she is affectionately known, has had some unworthy plays lately and deserves a roaring come-back.

Buying Bales of Tweed

Ardverikie, Sir John Ramsden's place in Inverness-shire, is let to Col. James Horlick, whose daughter, Mrs. Kenneth Wagg, and her husband have been up there stalking hard. Others in the party were Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Byass, the latter very thrilled at shooting her first stag. The Anthony Hornby's were there too, and Lady Veronica's gaily-coloured check coat with matching glengarry is sure to have many imitators.

Touring in "The Greeks"

Some very quick travelling was done last month by Mr. Bill Astor, who went to New York for one week only. He has now gone up to the family place, Craig House, Jura. Mr. David Tennant is contemplating a trip to Spain; his wife is touring the big cities in *The Greeks Had a Word For It*. Even the best provincial hotels must be poor consolation for leaving her lovely new house in Wiltshire.

"Marabout Kitty"

Such a good story is being told about Dwight Fiske. He was appearing somewhere in New York, when a large and noisy party arrived. One of the party was an extremely famous film star, in fact, one of the *most* famous, and she was covered—as women are apt to be nowadays—in masses of feathers and ospreys.

When people clapped and shouted for an encore, the film star piped out: "Oh! no more, let's dance!" Well, the clappers won and Dwight reappeared. He had heard that piping voice and he walked straight to the piano, sat down, and sang that witty, brilliant, wicked little song, "Marabout Kitty," having made it up on the spur of the moment, and all about the lady in the feathers!

Every Crook We Know

What a worn-out fallacy it is that "looking you straight in the eye" means honesty, integrity, and every kind of godliness. Nearly every crook we have ever met can stare you out of countenance, whereas the so-called deceitful habit of looking the other way is quite possibly shyness or an inferiority complex.

Quite the most disconcerting and unattractive thing is the man or woman who never blinks, but faces the world with the bald and uncompromising stare of an infant in arms! When you think of all the allure that the average film-star puts into her waving false eyelashes, we wonder the "non-blinkers" or "unblinkables" don't try to flutter their eyelids occasionally.

MISS PEEPS

Swallows Go South

But from Biarritz the Migration is Northward

The Hon. Mrs. Bowater

Stayed at Biarritz with Eric Bowater, cousin of her husband, Ian Bowater; he had a villa for the season. She is Lord and Lady Dawson of Penn's second daughter

M. Charles Corbin

The French Ambassador took a brief holiday from London and spent it playing Biarritz golf. The Abyssinian crisis made it impossible for him to be away for long

Mrs. Charles Gerard

Was staying at Hossegor with Lord and Lady Romilly before they came back to England. Col. Gerard used to be in the Grenadier Guards; Mrs. Gerard is a most attractive Canadian

The Marquesa di Marino and Miss Nell Eyre are sister-in-law and cousin of the Marquesa de Portago. Nell Eyre is from Cheshire, and goes racing a lot

Mr. and Mrs. Kingsland and the Contessa di Sant' Elia met outside Sonny's Bar, a 1935 hub of Biarritz. Mr. Kingsland, who is American, goes hunting with the Pau hunt whenever possible

Work . . .

Four Pictures from the Exhibition of Photography in Commerce and Industry

By Gordon Crocker, of Studio Sun

"Rigging a High Ladder." By Larkin Bros.

By Noel Griggs, Studio Briggs Ltd.

Right: "Assembling an iris diaphragm in a lens mount"; from the set of twenty photographs by Larkin Bros. called "The Making of a Modern Photographic Lens"

THE Exhibition of Photography in Commerce and Industry, arranged by the Professional Photographers' Association, is open at the Royal Institute Galleries, Piccadilly, until September 14th

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

THE recent manœuvres on Salisbury Plain have once more demonstrated, among other things, a fact, known to artists for a long time, which will come to the official knowledge of the War Office, probably, a hundred years hence—namely, that khaki makes an excellent target, that its concealment-value is practically nil, and that the only sure way of concealing the movements of massed bodies of troops in war is to utilise the principle of camouflage. In practice this would work out by varying uniform colours—one man in an infantry platoon, say, wearing khaki, the next blue, the next grey, the next brown, the next purple, the next plum-colour, etc. This would be a tragedy for the brassy old die-hards of Pall Mall, and many of them would have fatal seizures, but it would certainly assist the troops. The success of camouflage applied to shipping in the late war was well proved. Irregularity of colour and contour is the keynote of practical invisibility. Oh, the fury of the spit-and-polish school, who are still mumbling over the damnable change from red!

A colonel writing to the *Times* the other day credited the late Sir Mark Sykes with establishing this colour-scheme theory for infantry, after careful experiment. No doubt there 's something in the War Office archives about it, endorsed, stamped, tabulated, counter-signed, annotated, sealed, filed and safely tucked away till the coming of the Coquecigrues, which, they tell us, is due about the third Friday after the new Greek Kalends but one.

Output, Huh?

LOPE DE VEGA'S tricentenary, celebrated in Madrid recently, ought to have given our literary boys and girls something to think about. Lope wrote on an average two three-act plays, in verse, every three weeks regularly over a period of sixty years. Doesn't that make about 1680 plays in all? About 1500 of them are now lost. Moreover, Lope wrote twenty-one large volumes of epic and other verse in his spare time. Oddly enough, most of Lope's work is extremely good, too.

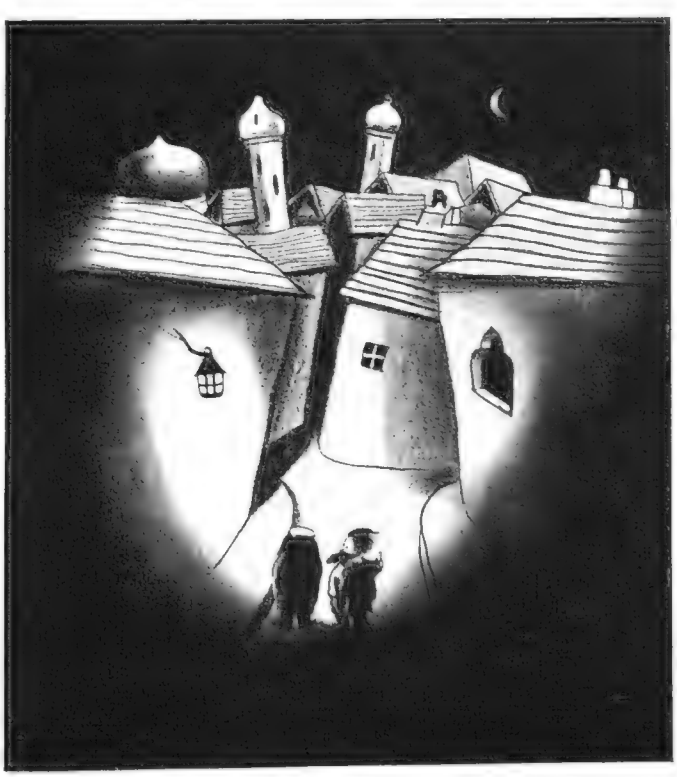
The nearest attempt on Lope's record by our native litteratoors at the moment is probably that of E. V. Lucas, who must have published about 60 books up to now, mostly anthologies. Hilaire Belloc must run him pretty close with that extraordinary array—history, travel, poetry, essays, criticism, epigrams, political satire, comic verse, polemics, economics, fiction—which has provoked the poet Bentley very justly to complain—

Mr. Belloc
Is a case for legislation ad hoc;
He seems to think nobody minds
His books being of so many kinds.

Arnold Bennett's neat, provincial mind was greatly concerned with the number of words he turned out annually (there 's a characteristic passage in one of his war-time diaries noting that the total up to date tallies exactly with the British casualties in a major disaster), but he 's nowhere near the Lope de Vega class. Nor is Shaw. Nor is Shakespeare, Lope's contemporary, who could only manage 36 plays, the Sonnets, and a few bits of odd verse. Sacha Guitry's total is about the same. On the other hand, a man who once sat through *Abraham Lincoln* assures us that it was twice as long as Lope de Vega's 1680 plays put together, so perhaps we needn't be ashamed of our boys and girls after all.

Sweet and Low

STATISTICS issued at the Chocolate and Confectionery Exhibition at Olympia were rather fascinating. Forty per cent. of young bachelors buy chocolates more than once a week. After marriage the percentage (as you might imagine) drops to twenty-four. Eighty-five per cent. of girls in employment buy chocolates once a month or more, and forty-two per cent. more than once a week. Sixty-three per cent. of regular buyers of chocolates once a month are married men. We always love statistics, and we can't have enough of 'em. We 'd like more about chocolates, How many of the bachelors under twenty-five are named Eric? What percentage of the employed girls say "on a boat" instead of "in a boat"? How many of 'em have once been engaged to men called Archie Goodbody? What percentage of chocolates bought by married men ever gets to their wives? How much of the best kind of chocolates is bought for the worst kind of motive? What percentage of a guinea box of "assorted" is flung back at the donor when he is at length unmasked and expelled by indignant Virtue? 0.0%, we 've been told in confidence by stockbrokers.



"First on the left—a mere bomb's-throw from the gas-works"

Rubberneck

THE visit of Mr. Edward Carroll Sibley, Vice-President of the International Mark Twain Society, who is in London to arrange joint Anglo-American centenary celebrations for November 30th, reminds us of the first time we never saw Mark Twain's house in Hartford, Connecticut. To show his opinion of the citizens of Hartford, a dignified New England town full of big insurance palaces, Mark Twain apparently built his house back to front on one of the main residential avenues. Before taking us to view it, our host threw a party of some dimensions.

Everybody there said we certainly ought to see Mark Twain's house, and about five people impulsively suggested throwing parties for that purpose immediately this one ended. Flashing to and fro to these parties in a fast car, we passed Mark Twain's house like a streak of lightning five times. Each time our host jerked a hasty thumb, saying, " Mark Twain's house—we should worry." The last time, about 2 a.m., he actually offered to slow down a minute, but as by that time we frankly didn't care if it was Uncle Tom's Cabin, Wendy's Hidey-Hut, the Old Curiosity Shop, the Fall of the House of Usher, or Baby's box of bricks, we just went on home to bed. We have never seen Mark Twain's house since, so to us it remains a palace of delight, infinitely more alluring and heart-stirring than an actual house could ever be ; and it seems to us that this is an ideal way to visit 87 per cent. of show-places all the world over. The pleasures of Imagination—how much more they are !

Street of Adventure

IF there were a prize for the most ravingly idiotic " splash " news-story appearing each week in the London dailies—and some admirer of journalism ought to establish one, to balance the Pulitzer and other prizes which encourage newspaper boys to print the exciting things they do—we should throw up our hat and yell for this one, dated August 29th—

WOMAN WHO PLUCKED
AN OSTRICH FEATHER
TELLS " WHY I DID IT."

*" Daily * * * * " Correspondent.*

CURDWORTH (Warwickshire), Wednesday.

Blonde, blue-eyed Mrs. Lily Greatbatch, the woman who plucked a feather from the tail of a Whipsnade ostrich, beamed cheerfully at me here to-day when I asked her why she did it.

" Now, don't go rushing about, old boy, for a bit "

" Ugh — Vermin ! "

Her offence had cost her a £1 fine and 10s. costs at Leighton Buzzard, Beds., earlier in the day.

" Have you ever seen an ostrich ? " she asked me.

" Many women who see an ostrich long to snatch the feathers from its tail.

" Some do, some don't. I did ! "

She dimpled into a smile.

" By the look of the bird there were several others who had obeyed that impulse. I saw another woman pluck one before I did. Mine was only half a feather, and it cost me 30s., but it was worth it ! "

We probably needn't tell you which paper it was. You know the one. It reads generally as if three-quarters of it had been written by " Beachcomber " in a mood of savage mockery. You oughtn't to miss the perfect conclusion—

Mrs. Lily Greatbatch is the wife of a blacksmith and the mother of two boys aged seven and five years. They accompanied her on the Whipsnade Zoo trip.

Panacea

MR. L. P. JACKS, educationist, thinks a great part of the world's troubles will be solved by making everybody breathe, stand, walk, and sit properly. The claim is that a régime of this kind soothes the nerves, calms the mind, ends irritability, promotes healthful sleep, cures corns, banishes spots, and is generally healing. (" And the soul, Messer Ludovico—and the soul ? ") There 's certainly something in it, notwithstanding the odious amount of physical energy apparently involved, but we 'd like to see it tried on a few selected tough subjects first. For example—

(1) Any Shropshire Lad suffering from galloping Housmanism and about to shoot himself ;
(2) Aimée Semple MacPherson, after an evangelical whoopee tour which has been a financial flop ;
(3) J. B. Morton, on being taken for a Boy Scout and

ordered to pick up litter on the Surrey hills;

(4) Most of the titled gossip-boys, on being asked to pay for a meal at a smart restaurant;

(5) Reichsbishop Müller, on learning that the Founder of his religion was non-Aryan;

and about a dozen other cases we could think of, if we were ever in a naughty, malicious mood. What we say is, try this new breathing-and-body-balance stuff on one of these plus-men, and if it 's a cure it 's obviously strong enough for us ordinary chaps. ("*And the soul, Messer Ludovico?*")

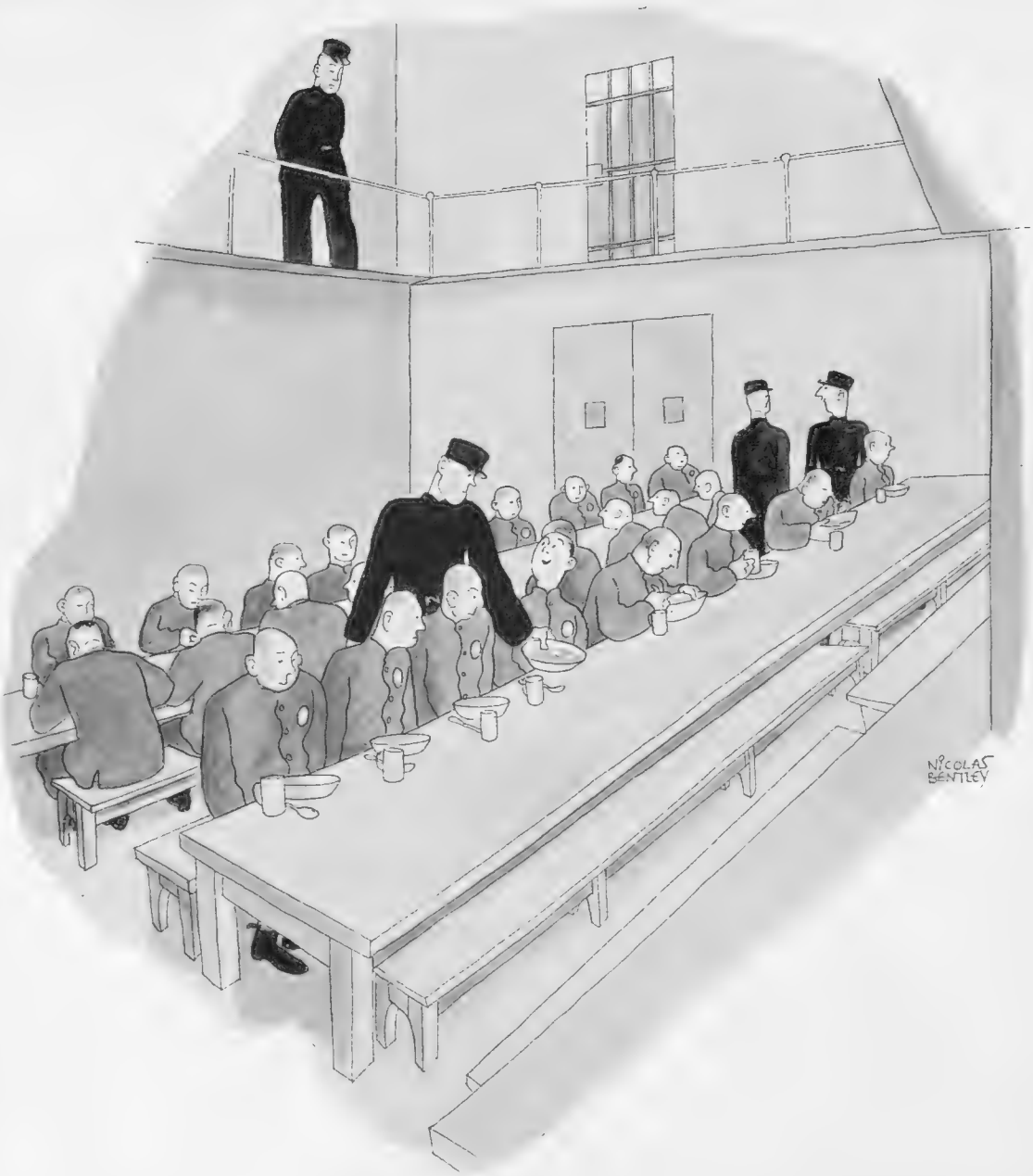
Arrangement in Blue

THE Nordic sport of suicide is steadily gaining ground in this country, as would appear from a Blue Book for 1933, just published. Verdicts of suicide have increased from 3474 in 1911, to 5543 in 1933, and attempted suicide cases from 2313 to 3354. Most of it is obviously due to the bitter unrest of our time, as in sixteenth-century Germany, where it first became a national folk-custom on the large scale. A minor, but equally obvious, reason is the weather. We 've more than once felt like hanging ourselves in Manchester, and we don't know why half the populace doesn't. Not so in (for example) Verona, where perpetual sunshine makes up for such a lot. Under radiant Southern skies it 's possible to live on a handful of chestnuts and be content, whereas the fog and rain of our native climate, like the gloom of the Russian steppe, fill the citizenry with morbidity and alcohol, and make their poor faces even duller than their Creator intended. Do you know anything drearier than those Russian plays? "My heart is quite dead, the General's toes are aching, the tradesmen pay me insincere compliments, and Alexey Alexeivitch has just shot himself. Everyone is unhappy, and dinner is served, Marinka Marinkovska." You hardly ever get that kind of maundering in a Latin country, or chronic alcoholism, or cranks, either. It 's no especial Latin virtue, it 's just that the sun brightens and sweetens life.

Contretemps

LISTENING to a charming and cultured American going into ecstasies over Oxford, which she took to be a mediæval city—"though," as an eminent Balliol poet has justly remarked, "it 's not"—and adored despite the rain, we couldn't help telling her the story, duly bowdlerised, of Guy de Maupassant's Oxford visit in the 'nineties. He drove round the University in a four-wheeler with Blanche Roosevelt. Rain was pouring in torrents, and the cabby was drunk. "This (hic) 'ere 's the b-b-bloody Sheldonian (nic)!" shouted the cabby, waving his whip, and Maupassant's boredom, which was agonising—though they had lunched handsomely at the Mitre—vanished in a bellow of mirth.

This story fell completely flat. Our American charmer was not amused. She considered us (*a*) blasphemous; (*b*) lacking in all decent instinct; and (*c*) essentially vulgar. When we added that the story was told us first, with great unction and slightly bibulous chucklings, by a don of that University, the look on that sweet girl's face we shall not readily forget It was just as if Rossetti's Blessèd Damozel had suddenly found herself being tickled by George Robey. THE BYSTANDERS.



"Not *chicken à la King!*"

PEN-PUSHERS

No. 47.—George A. Birmingham

OF an Ireland that is cheery
He will write
In a manner far from dreary,
Dull or trite;
And his tales of village life,
With its humours and its strife,
When exciting deeds are rife,
All delight.

When he 's writing of the Major—
Bless his heart!—
You will never skip a page or
Want to part
With the book until the end,
For his red-haired padre friend,
"J.J." (who 's no nib), will blend
Wit with art.

On the not-so-simple peasant
And his lot
He 'll dilate in manner pleasant,
So it 's not
Very long before you see
That, to quite a marked degree,
The Gift of the G.A.B.
He has got.

B. W.

Merry-Go-Roundabout at the Palladium

Dignity—
Harrison and Fisher, ballet dancers extraordinary, tread a measure

—and Impudence!
Nerve and Knox give us a new insight into dancing in high life in their Very Merry Widow burlesque

Sights we miss nowadays: taking the dogs for an airing, as practised in 1750

Bud Flanagan as a night watchman who prefers a spirit glass to an hour-glass anytime

Rouge et Noir! The Lady in Red (Jeanne Devereaux) and the Four Flash Devils lend a colourful note to the dancing, which is conspicuous by its presence in this show

Sheila Barrett, the impressionist from America. She is more like Zasu Pitts than Miss Pitts can ever hope to be!

Impressions by Rouson of the New Show, *Round About Regent Street*

Violin and Violoncello

Two Fine Musicians Who Are "Prom" Soloists

Joseph Szigeti

***Joseph Szigeti** was born in Budapest forty-three years ago, but his associations with England go back to his earliest days as violinist; he made his London debut when he was thirteen, and spent the next seven years in this country. Since 1919, when his European reputation became an established one, he has played all over the world, and most seasons in London since his re-appearance in 1924. To-day he ranks as one of the finest living violinists. His last appearance was at the Brahms "Prom" in August, when he gave a beautiful performance of the Violin Concerto in D*

***Gregor Piatigorsky** is a Russian, from Jekaterinoslaw, where he was born in 1903. At fifteen he was first 'cellist of the Moscow Imperial Opera, but when the Revolution came his Russian career ended. He went to Berlin, and won a competition for position of first 'cellist with the Berlin Philharmonic under Furtwängler. Now, at thirty-two, he, like Szigeti, has a world reputation, and is in a class where only Casals' playing offers comparison to his own. He is appearing at the Queen's Hall in the September 28th "Prom," playing Haydn's 'cello Concerto in D, and later is giving three London recitals before he goes on his seventh American tour*

Photographs by Fayer of Vienna and Dorland House

Gregor Piatigorsky

Right: the English lovers at Leicester Square—Cedric Hardwicke as Garrick and Anna Neagle as Peg Woffington, rehearsing a part in Garrick's dressing-room. The film is reviewed on this page

"Peg of Old Drury"

Below: Hollywood singing partners at the Tivoli — Grace Moore and Michael Bartlett in their "Bohème" sequence. Bartlett is the American tenor who duets with Grace Moore: it's Leo Carrillo who partners her in the story

"On Wings of Song"

• FILMS of the Day

Laughter and Song

By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

THE autumn film season opened gaily, with aplomb and all of a sudden. The première of *Peg of Old Drury* and the Press show of *On Wings of Song* were on the same day. Both argue well for a continuance of the standard and the genus their respective producers have adopted.

The new Grace Moore vehicle is a *carrosse de luxe*, equipped, of course, with music, running smoothly and speedily. Her singing is nothing short of brilliant. Daring blasphemy, I would say it is nothing more than brilliant. Every note is true, faultlessly taken, perfectly timed, but I am tempted to misquote Browning and ask: "What of soul was left, I wonder, when the *singing* had to stop?"

The most beautiful rendering given by Miss Moore in *On Wings of Song* is in the scene from *Bohème*, yet it was during this that I was most conscious of the lack of warmth, the sensuous fluidity—like the flow of molten gold—which Melba imparted to the same passages. The young man from the Metropolitan Opera House, unnamed in the programme, who sings opposite Miss Moore in this scene has a splendid and stirring voice, a dramatic personality and no less virtuosity than the star. Together they evoked spontaneous applause at the Press show.

GRACE MOORE is a girl with a glorious voice who loses her fortune and becomes a professional under the ægis of an infatuated little Italian proprietor of gambling hells and low "dives," who sacrifices everything to make her famous. This provides for the interpolation of excerpts from the operas in Miss Moore's repertoire. Within the prescribed formula of operatic acting she is admirable, but in the modern, off-stage scenes, calling for simpler, more naturalistic methods, she is less convincing. During the effective opening snowscape she does a dance and song in winter-sports clothes and ski-ing boots. The song is pyrotechnical: the dance comes near to being comical, It suggests a burlesque of herself by Cicely Courtneidge!

When it comes to acting, it is hardly fair to judge anyone in the same cast as Leo Carrillo. His performance is perfect as Steve, the little idealist from the stockyards, gambler and braggart, whose passion for music is sublimated in his love for the woman and her voice. In a world of unreality—"musical romance," with an odd but effective touch of melodrama towards the end—he is a real and extraordinarily moving figure. It is his fate rather than that of the lovely singer which provides the sustaining interest. He is no youthful Adonis, no thrilling he-man. His triumph is the triumph of an artist.

Schertzinger directed, wrote the story, and collaborated with Gus Kahn in the thematic music, which is to say that *On Wings of Song* has unity as well as entity and brilliance. It is a splendid achievement of its kind, and its kind is wildly popular at the moment.

AND who shall blame directors and producers if, having found a successful formula, they stick to it? *Peg of Old Drury* is as characteristic of its personnel as *On Wings of Song*. You remember, *Nell Gwyn*? Here again we have Herbert Wilcox (director), Anna Neagle and Sir Cedric Hardwicke (stars) in league to reap a harvest by presenting glamorous figures of the past in what is rapidly becoming the British film tradition.

Wilcox is right in judging Anna Neagle, with her unflagging vivacity, unequivocal good looks and a certain coarseness of method, to be the proper interpreter of the Drury Lane ladies of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, unburdened by breeding or by puritanical codes.

He is less happy in his choice of Hardwicke as her opposite number. To my mind, he never bridged a day of the three hundred years that separated him from the witty, debauched, heroic, fallible King, Charles II., and is no nearer to the glamorous David Garrick, the story of whose love-affair with Peg Woffington this film purports (chastely) to tell.

English actresses have been criticised for inertia and inhibitions; Anna Neagle has neither. She is animated by the very spirit of volition. She is indeed *too* animated, almost agitated. One would not have her stilled and numb, but at times her vivacity is suggestive of conscious effort. There are occasions for reticence, if not restraint.

Once more we have plays within the play, and by far Sir Cedric Hardwicke's most telling moments are during his impersonation of Shylock. Then it did not matter whether or not he was Garrick: he was magnificently Hardwicke at his best, not the austere knight of his recent films. Anna Neagle finds that elusive repose and shows genuine emotional quality when, in the rôle of Rosalind, she is stricken down upon Drury Lane stage.

It is all very well done. The charming dresses were designed by Doris Zinkeisen, and the settings have an air of being builded on real foundations and have not the meretriciousness of over-elaboration.

"PURSUIT" is just that. . . . A runaway 'plane with a small boy alone in it, motor-car chases, misunderstandings, river crossings, frontier crossings, double-crossings, in which Chester Morris, Sally Eilers and Scotty Beckett are involved in an effort to get across the border into Mexico and escape the wicked trustees who want to separate the boy from his widowed mother.

Young-Marrieds

Earl and Countess Poulett

HERE are the latest close-up pictures of Lord Poulett and his attractive red-haired wife, who were married about two months ago. Since they came back from their short Spanish honeymoon they have been mostly down at Hinton, Lord Poulett's lovely place in Somerset, where his family have lived since before the days of the Civil War, when the barony was created (the earldom dates from 1706). There's no news yet of Lady Poulett's next stage or film appearance, except that she doesn't intend to give up her Oriel Ross career

Photographs by Cannons of Hollywood

MAURICE SCHWARTZ and the Yiddish Art Theatre Company of America returned to London on Monday to continue for two weeks their season at His Majesty's. This week there is *Yoshe Kalb*, Schwartz's own play from I. J. Singer's novel, *The Sinner*, in which he himself gives a superb performance as the old Rabbi who marries a young wife and is deceived by her with his son-in-law. Schwartz is also the producer of this brilliantly theatrical drama; he achieves, with the help of his company, an effect of intense, rich vitality, which, for English watchers, can put the language question right in the background. Next week *God, Man and Devil* is being repeated, with Schwartz—in complete contrast to his Rembrandtesque Rabbi—as a suave, insinuating Satan

Photographs taken for the "Bystander" by John Everard

As the Modern Mephistopheles in "God, Man and Dev

This Russian Jew's life-story is incredibly romantic. Still in his early forti world-wide reputation, he has behind him years of poverty and struggle. when his parents were migrating from Russia to America, he got penniless, in England, and spent three starving, lonely years in Lond End, coming very near to suicide, before his father miraculously found they worked their way by cattle-boat to New York. At eighteen, he ha theatrical engagement with the Baltimore Yiddish Theatre, and there g early experience as actor, stage-manager, producer. In 1918 he was able the New York Yiddish Art Theatre, mostly with money earned on tou vaudeville; his new venture, after a difficult start, was "discovered" by N and since those days has achieved the greatest success all over America an

A Great Jewish Actor

Maurice Schwartz in Two of His Most Striking Parts

As Reb Melech, the Rabbi, in "Yoshe Kalb"

SCOTLAND'S

Sir Alexander Seton, the Carrick Pursuivant, has a fair-haired wife, Zela (Sanderson), who wears jewels given to a former Seton by Louis-Philippe

Alasdair Anderson, who believes in looking the Highland Laird, has made his English wife, Lady Flavia (Gifford), equally Gaelic

Malcolm Wolfe Murray is in the Black Watch; his wife was Lady Grizel Boyle till this spring

Sir Edmund Findlay owns the "Scotsman" and Aberlour, in Banff. His wife adores clothes, their two young daughters, and making things go

Murray Prain, the St. Andrews golfer, is with his wife, Helen (Skene), first cousin and handsome double of Lady Patricia Latham

Ian Pitman, of the Edinburgh Etonian family, married Scotland's Number One Beauty, Helen Low, last spring

Jimmie Drummond-Hay, of Seggieden, and Lady Margaret are hard to beat in a beauty competition

YOUNG-MARRIEDS

Both **Lord Mansfield** and his wife, who was Dorothea Carnegie, could not be more Scottish—nor more charming, for that matter

Alan MacLeod, son of the "distillery king," enlivens Ayrshire with his wife, née Joan de Knoop

Bruce Ogilvie, handsome brother of Lord Airlie, married Primrose O'Brien. They went to Kitzbühl with the Prince in February

Arthur Galbraith, who used to be in the Navy, is the wit of the Border, where his wife, Muriel (Ballantyne), hunts and races indefatigably

Sir Torquil Munro and his lady live at Lindertis, in Angus. Moira Hunter was her name and Perthshire her former home

Sir Stewart Stewart-Clark, one of the best lawn tennis players in Scotland, has a decorative English wife, Jane, sister of Arundell Clarke

Ben Carnegie, younger son of Lord Southesk, married popular Claudia Blackburn, first cousin of the Duchess of York, last year

What's the Betting?

—Will They Be Stars?

No. 2 of a New Series for Film Fans with a Speculative Turn of Mind

Shirley Ross

***Shirley Ross** is an attractive little blonde who has been doing good work in her last few parts. She was in "Calm Yourself," the Madge Evans—Robert Young film recently at the Empire, and also had a goodish part in "The Age of Indiscretion." She started her career on the Broadway stage as a singer, and has lately been on the Hollywood stage; she was lent for the theatre production there of "Anything Goes," the Cole Porter show, which is also being filmed. Shirley is a very possible candidate for near-future stardom*

Rosalind Russell

***Rosalind Russell** comes from Connecticut, graded to Hollywood via Broadway, and has done a steady climb since she went west. In "West Point of the Air" and "The Casino Murder Case" she already was a featured player; now, in her latest film, she tops the feminine side of the bill. So look for her in "The Black Chamber" with William Powell; it does any girl's reputation good to play opposite him*

Gail Patrick

***Gail Patrick** is marked down by Paramount for coming stardom; as she's got a good brain as well as her dark Alabama beauty, she might go a long way. She graduated as a lawyer before she took to film-making. She started with M.G.M., who always have a big "young entry" around; was in their "No More Ladies." Paramount's "Mississippi," due for release, and their recent "Smart Girl," both show Gail Patrick's style*

LE TOUQUET and DEAUVILLE

Saison de 1935

By Charles Graves

THIS summer, on the Continent, the season at the various resorts seems to linger longer than ever before. At Deauville the Casino is staying open until October 1st, and for the next week or so there seems to be golf competitions almost every day at Le Touquet.

ONE thing is certain. Everything, except the price of the taxi-cabs at the latter resort, has come down in price. At Deauville one could have a bedroom and bathroom at the Normandie or Royal for 150 francs a day en pension. The result was that there have been more people there than any year since 1925 (1929 included). Many of the delightful absurdities one associated with the boom years were revived, in the form of fantastic clothes worn by lovely poules at the Bar de Soleil. I even saw a wild boar, with painted toe-nails, on a leash.

NUMBERS of English people have been there. Mrs. Richard Norton with her son and daughter made a very attractive trio; Jack Michelham walked around with his hands in his pockets; the Duke of Westminster put in a spasmodic appearance; Princess Faucigny-Lucinge, who won the Grand Prix with the favourite, Ping-Pong; Lord Carnarvon, looking at the sales; Steve Donoghue, who took five hours to motor from Paris; Mrs. Pim—it was a real salade russe à l'anglaise.

AT Le Touquet the season has been more English than ever. Indeed, I met only one person who steadfastly refused to talk English. This was Princess de la Tour D'Auvergne. She is very good-looking and dressed better than anyone at the Casino. I sat next to her at a dinner-party given by Lady Dalrymple Champneys at the Royal Picardy. Her husband is a professional soldier and she dances beautifully. The guest of honour was Prince Vsevolode of Russia, who, if there was a Czar, would have become a Grand Duke on reaching the age of twenty-one this January. Like all the Romanoffs—the Grand Duke Dmitri is another case in point—he backs 17 at the tables, and had the good fortune the other evening to have it turn up for him three times running.

A PRETTY English girl who has been staying here is Miss Averil Loyd. Her mother is Mrs. Stobart. P. G. Wodehouse has a villa here and entered for the mixed foursomes tournament, but scratched at the last minute; which reminds me of the score done against my partner and myself by a charming foreign couple, M. Dormeuil and Baroness Davilliers. It was 81—25=56. The same couple accounted for Mr. Stanley Bruce, the High Commissioner for Australia, and his wife. Percy Quilter was quickly dealt with. Sir George Prescott was another competitor.

As I write the greens on both courses are better than they ever have been. But the two months' drought from the end of June to the end of August has taken toll of the fairways. Incidentally, the course and one or two of the hotels (and, of course, the Casino) are going to be open during Christmas for ten days or a fortnight. More and more Le Touquet is becoming an aerial suburb of London, to be treated as a week-end resort. From Fridays to Mondays it is crowded to the roof, and the wagering at the roulette tables is so heavy that there is quite a boring interval between throws.

THE Gray-Hortons, who have been at St. Maxime, motored up to Le Touquet in twenty-four hours or so, to cool off after the South of France. Bill Garthwaite's golf seems to have improved notably. At any rate, he survived the first round of the Prince of Wales's Cup. One of the prettiest women at Le Touquet was Mrs. Whiteman. She has been busy taking lessons from Arthur Grant, the professional.

The Casino by Night

These two well-known views will bring a pang or two to the Le Touquet nostalgics. The Casino's to be open at Christmas this year. Perhaps the piscine will feature as an outdoor skating-rink, but perhaps not

The Piscine by Day

ALFRED, the barman at the Golf Club, still mixes his "specials." Between bouts he told me that he is a Wiltshireman who spent sixteen years in Canada before 1914, when he joined up and has found his way over here. Georges, his opposite number at the Casino, never changes a hair, and yet he has been going up to Paris to fix cocktail-parties during the afternoon, although his hours of sleep are less than four a night. Someone should write a book one day about the leading barmen on the Continent. They are all tremendous characters and full of information, which they are always too discreet to impart.

BACK to the Casino once more. Mrs. Van Der Elst has been playing chemin de fer and roulette; Mrs. P. G. Wodehouse prefers baccara; Hylton Philipson plasters 23; Lady Lyons is at the Picardy; 29 is a number of which Mr. Stanley Bruce does not disapprove. But then everyone has his or her likes and dislikes. Mrs. Stoneham rather approves of the middle dozen sometimes.

IT is hard to write about Le Touquet without continually referring to golf. Well, the Prince of Wales's special caddie, Adolphine, is no longer caddie-ing. She is not allowed to. For she has married, and there is a ban up against married caddies. The other day she and eight others went on an unofficial deputation to see whether the charming Mrs. Hewitt, who has had the Villa Madcap for twelve years or so, could not persuade the Secretary and Committee to alter the new rule. But nothing could be done. It appears that there are very good and sufficient grounds for the edict—it acts, you see, as a kind of deterrent to, let us say, "engagements" among the caddies.

SEVERAL caddies, one gathers, would sooner lose their francs than caddie for a certain tall Scotsman. Personally, I have been lucky, because Max, the caddie-master, has given me (only in Sir Robert Horne's absence, mind you) the one and only Gaston. It was Gaston who was deputed to carry Henry Cotton's clubs here. It was Gaston who marked the ball for Mr. Justice Langton and who has so often caddied Charles and Bobby Sweeny to victory. Anyway, that is his story, and he 's certainly a swell caddie.

IT was Gaston who told me of the well-known scratch golfer who hired him the other afternoon, and who, after hitting a beauty, would then kick the ball into the rough before playing a peach of a recovery. This mystified even Gaston, used as he is to casino-golfers of foreign origin. He simply *had* to ask what Monsieur was doing. Monsieur said, "What, don't you realise that I am practising for the mixed foursomes with Mlle —— ?"

Deauville Gallery

A Masculine Round-Up by Molly Bishop

Lord Michelham

Sketched on board that yacht of his which is always in the "resort" news. He entertained a lot at Deauville, and besides giving good parties amuses his guests with his impersonations. He went off to Biarritz after the Grande Semaine was over

Prince Philippe de Bourbon

Was one of Lord Michelham's guests on the Atlantis after the racing at Clairefontaine. He is first cousin to the ex-King of Spain

Lt.-Colonel J. Benett-Stanford

Had a big party on his black-hulled schooner, Oceana, at Deauville. He is a great character, well known on most yachting "beats" and in Wiltshire, where he lives and where his family have lived since the days of Henry III.

The Vicomte du Pontarice

The Vicomte du Pontarice, prominent in the French racing world as an owner and breeder, had his face added to the Deauville gallery when he was on board Lord Michelham's yacht in the harbour there

"Bystander" Short Story No. 2

The Masterpiece

By Paul Feakes

Illustration by B. J. Dawson

"I've brought you the key," went on Mrs. Morrison, holding out a ring by the key of the safe, as if it were a natural service to render to any burglar

ALBERT THE GRINNER was a burglar. He worked the new estates around the outskirts of London. He did three, perhaps five, jobs in a night, all in a row. Lucky, he got twenty pounds for his trouble; unlucky, twelve months. Either way he grinned. Nobody knew why. Nobody knew he was a man with a dream.

Back of his mind there was always the big house near Leatherhead. "Truscotts," it was called; residence of Colonel and Mrs. Morrison. He knew the position of the safe in the wall of that first-floor bedroom, knew the sparklers it contained to be worth ten thousand of the best. One day, he promised himself, he was going to bust that joint wide open. It was going to be his masterpiece. Why, nabbed, they 'd give him three years on the Moor like a shot. It thrilled him merely to contemplate himself as the recipient of such a magnificent retribution.

Certain it is that the dream would have remained but a dream had he not borrowed from the library a crime novel by Brian Venn called *The Diamond Gang*.

The book was not exceptional; Brian Venn had written too many to make that kind of error. There was the master-criminal, the plodding Police Superintendent, and the famous doctor to whom Scotland Yard, in its hour of need, never turned in vain.

But also there was an absolutely fool-proof method of getting gems past the Customs. And Schlegal was in Antwerp. Schlegal would want his cut, but he would, nevertheless, give Albert a square deal. Hitherto, the problem of getting the stuff out of the country had stayed his hand. Now, driving the little four-seater saloon he had hired from a Camberwell garage, he was on his way.

The moonlit night was calm, with just a faint spring breeze to take the edge off the cold. The moon didn't worry Albert. The window he had in mind was in the black shadow of the house and the outhouse where they kept the ladder, right against the hedge on the same side. If only to-night they 'd got the wireless going in that room beneath . . .

At a signpost he turned off the main road, bringing his headlights direct on to a policeman cycling up the side road. Luck! Albert the Grinner lived up to his name. That copper wouldn't be round for an hour at least.

Safely beyond a bend, Albert switched off his lights and slackened speed until he reached the narrow lane beside Truscotts. Then, gently, he backed the car up the lane till the hedge hid it from view, and shut off the engine.

For a moment he sat there peering through the hedge at the lighted windows of the ground-floor front and listening to the wireless. He looked at his watch. Nine-ten. He had planned to arrive at a quarter-past. It was the hour when people were either in or out for the evening, and if in, unlikely to move about the house.

Albert's entry was marred by but one untoward sound: the sudden snapping-back of the catch on the window. For thirty seconds he stood stock-still on the top of the ladder and cussed the thoughtlessness of householders in the matter of oiling window-fasteners. But at length he judged it safe to ease up the bottom half of the window and climb over the sill.

One touch of his flash-lamp he permitted to get the lie of the room. Then, noiselessly, he lowered the blind behind him, stepped across and lowered the blinds of the two front windows.

He had ransacked the dressing-table on the chance of finding a bunch of keys and was about to tackle the safe, when suddenly the door clicked open, a hand reached for the switches and the room was flooded with light.

Albert swung round viciously on his toes, his torch on the door. Into its now feeble rays stepped the mistress of the house, not in the least alarmed, but rather as one viewing a picture and liking it.

"Er—good-evening," she smiled, closing the door behind her.

Albert's gaze took in the beauty of the face, the rope of pearls at the neck, and the evening frock of black velvet. Instinctively he nodded in acknowledgment, too taut to speak.

"I 've brought you the key," went on Mrs. Morrison, holding out a ring by the key of the safe, as if it were a natural service to render to any burglar.

Albert, bewitched, made no move. A hundred thoughts raced through his mind. To threaten violence? Make a bolt for the ladder? Chuck the eiderdown over her? . . .

"Come along. Why don't you take it? Not a matter of professional pride, I hope?" queried Mrs. Morrison, banteringly.

Albert put away his torch and fell back on his heels.

"You know the questions, lady," he muttered. "P'r'aps you know the answers."

"I only wished to be certain you wouldn't fail—and, of course, bring you my pearls," she remarked, dropping the keys on the dressing-table and opening a silver box. "Cigarette?"

Albert ignored the offer. "Very kind of yer, I must say," he sneered.

"Oh, don't thank me," said Mrs. Morrison, having lit her cigarette. "After all, your visit has saved my life. It is I who ought to be grateful to you."

"Saved yer life?" echoed Albert.

The Masterpiece (Continued)

Mrs. Morrison nodded and then motioned to a chair.

"Sit down," she said.

Albert did as he was bid. Mrs. Morrison seated herself comfortably on a corner of the bedstead within a couple of feet of him. Their eyes met and she laughed gaily.

"Wot d'yer mean, saved yer life?" he asked.

"Suicide," said Mrs. Morrison, as one who explains everything in a word. "My husband is in town at a regimental dinner. The chauffeur is with him. The maid is out courting and the cook would not bother me again to-night unless I bothered her. It seemed the ideal moment to write a farewell letter to my husband, stuff the newspaper round the cracks of the door, turn on the gas-fire and forget to light it."

She paused; Albert's face was a study.

"W'y?" he prompted.

Mrs. Morrison shrugged.

"Do you know the road-house, 'The Winking Cat'?"

Albert nodded; at least he had passed it on the way down.

"There are two rooms at the back where you can gamble—poker, baccarat, anything. They've got a wheel there. Stakes are high. My husband's profession does not allow me to enjoy his company as often as I might desire. Somebody introduced me one night. I caught the fever and won. I'm afraid it's just the old, old story. The luck turned. I plunged, sure it must change again, but it didn't. There were I.O.U.s to meet. I couldn't go to my husband. He is not the sort of man who would condone that kind of folly. I had a copy made of my pearls and sold the originals."

A flicker of the old grin creased Albert's features.

"I see," he smirked.

"Of course, I vowed never to go near the place again. But—well, what is the use of vowing anything? Why do people continue in a course they know leads inevitably to disaster? My tiara went. Then my rings. Soon I had nothing . . . But I still had I.O.U.s to meet. Then, suddenly, to-night I decided to end the whole miserable business. I was in the act of taking one last peep at the moonlight on the fields, when I chanced to witness your arrival."

"And where do I come in?" asked Albert, oddly reluctant.

"Don't you see? We are partners in crime. You steal the fakes; I claim the value of the originals from the insurance company."

"S'pose I don't pinch the fakes?"

Mrs. Morrison smiled, as if the question yielded her some special pleasure. Leisurely she slipped to the floor, crossed to the dressing-table and tapped the long ash of her cigarette into a tiny glass tray.

"That is for you to decide," she said. "It ought not to be difficult for us to come to an arrangement."

Albert eyed her narrowly.

"Wot sort of arrangement?"

Mrs. Morrison returned to her corner of the bedstead.

"To-day is the fourth," she said. "You 'phone me here, say, three months to-day, we fix up a rendezvous and I bring along five hundred in pound notes and buy back my worthless possessions."

"And wot's to stop yer not turning up once you've cashed in on the insurance?"

"Only that you could then parcel up my jewellery and send it to the police."

In a flash the strength of his position became apparent to Albert. Five hundred, eh? She'd pay a thousand. She'd pay two. Properly worked, here was an income for life. Blackmail. What of it?

"There's the risk to me of being nabbed with the stuff," he grumbled.

"A risk you have no doubt experienced before," she urged.

Albert rose to his feet, looking down at her with sly agreement.

"O.K., lady, I'm with yer," he said.

Almost his words were like a cue in a play. As he spoke, the blind of the open window shot upwards, to disclose a policeman clambering into the room from the top of the ladder.

Albert took one step towards the door and then retracted it as the door, flung wide open, revealed an Inspector attended by another constable on the threshold.

Mrs. Morrison, however, did not share his hesitation.

"Ah! Hello, Mr. Harris," she said, advancing to the Inspector as the constables closed in on Albert. "Often as I have needed your assistance with fictitious criminals, I never thought I would have to bother you with a real one."

"No trouble, I assure you," responded the Inspector heartily. "Bit foolish, though, Mrs. Morrison," he admonished. "Might have carried a gun, y'know."

"You always tell me burglars never do," pouted Mrs. Morrison.

"Might have been the exception that proves the rule," said the Inspector, grimly.

Albert looked from one to the other. He had had a disturbing ten minutes; an academic discussion of his profession he felt to be more than he could stand. Quite gladly he accepted the escort of the constables.

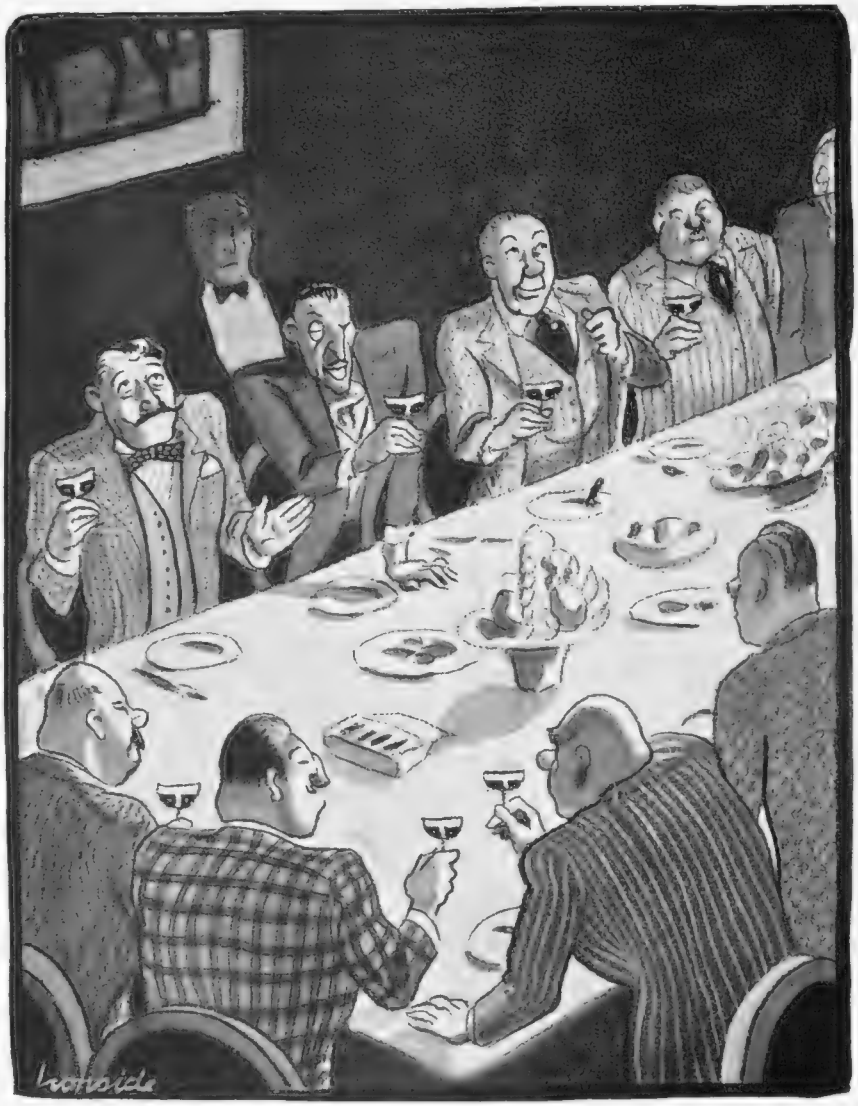
Before he found his tongue, he had already passed through the formalities in the charge-room. Even then he could manage but one timid word.

"Guv'nor," he said to the Inspector, his face an agony of appeal.

Mr. Harris was ill-mannered enough to laugh uproariously and then good-natured enough to explain.

"She was on the point of entering that room when she heard the window catch go," he said. "Went down, 'phoned us, and sent the cook to let us in . . . She's Brian Venn, the novelist. What you got was a masterpiece all to yourself."

P. F.



Nil Bonum Nisi Mortuis

The Honourable Company of Bookmakers drink a silent toast to the "Dead Certs"

Quick Strokes from Stoke Poges : By H. H. Harris

Nancy Jupp gets one out of the "bags"

Fiona Morris adopts a wide stance

Anne Heywood does without the wood in her putter

Barbara Whitehead gets her right hand well underneath the shaft

Right: E. M. W. Browne puts three shots out of bounds at the fourth

Lally Vagliano and her chic caddy

The youngest competitor: Diana Stephens and her thin "shafts"

Patience Low plays high

Sonia Swinburn Johnson's upright finish

Jessie Baxter and her voluminous kilt

Angela Noble's grand finish

Some Competitors in The "Bystander" Girls' Open Championship

The First Girls' International: England v. Scotland for the Stroyan Cup

Two teams of seven girls represented England and Scotland in the match for the Cup given this year by Captain John Stroyan, whose daughter is playing in the Girls' Championship. Standing each side of Captain Stroyan are the captains, Peggy Falkner (England) and Nancy Jupp (Scotland)

The Captains

Here are Peggy Falkner and Nancy Jupp, the English and Scottish captains, shaking hands over the Cup, which Scotland won by 5 matches to 2

Peggy Lester (North Foreland) was beaten in the first round, 5 and 4, by Jean Kerr (Addington), who lost in the second round

The "Bystander's" Girls' Open Golf Championship at Stoke Poges

Preceded by the First Girls' International—Scotland v. England—and the Girls' Golfing Society's Meeting

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

WRITING in the midst of the Girls' Championship, with sounds of revelry all round—Stoke Court Country Club is the ideal place for competitors to have a good time in—it is difficult not to think that there, and nowhere else, is the hub of the golfing universe. Everything connected with the week at Stoke Poges looms so large, but actually, if a sense of proportion is to be kept at all, hats must first of all be taken off to Miss Jessie Anderson for qualifying first in the Australian Championship (not forgetting she was Girl Champion in 1933); to Mrs. J. B. Walker for being in it; to Miss Timberg on winning the Swedish, and last, but by a long way not least, to Mrs. Bert, of Exmouth, who only took up golf four years ago and now, at the age of 70, has this month won a BYSTANDER spoon with 8 below par. The feat is the more remarkable because she had played no game of any sort before taking up the Royal and Ancient one. Whatever sort of a golfer would Mrs. Bert not have made if she had started a championship career at the age of twelve, as Diana Stephens did to-day, or Internationals at fourteen, like Nancy Jupp?

THE 1935 Championship will go down in history, anyway, because of the record entry of forty-four. Still more will it do so because of the First Girls' International match, for which we take off our hats, and keep them off, to Captain John Stroyan, father of Sheila, who may quite possibly be Girl Champion before the week is out. It is one thing to have a good idea, quite another to carry it out as thoroughly (and more than generously) as Captain Stroyan did. A really glorious Cup, honours easy between Rose and Thistle on it; silver medals for the winning side, bronze for the losing, charming rose-and-thistle badges—what more could heart desire or brain devise? One thing, undoubtedly, and that was, since Captain Stroyan is a Scot, a Scottish win. And he had it, by five to two; England's captain, Peggy Falkner, and her seventh string, Jean Hayes, being the only home winners.

PEGGY FALKNER deserves a good deal of credit for that win. It is easy enough to say that you ought to beat a girl four years your junior, which Nancy Jupp was, but Nancy stuck to her guns very gamely, was the first to get the lead, pulled back the match to square when it had changed hands, and altogether put up a good fight. It must inevitably have passed through Peggy Falkner's mind that she might go under, as everybody did in the 1934 championship, from the sheer desperation of feeling that it was absurd to do so. Instead, she won by 3 and 2. Sheila Stroyan equalised by being too steady round the hole for Angela Noble; Rhoda Jupp avenged her sister and showed herself a much improved golfer by confounding all Sonia Swinburn Johnson's local knowledge to the tune of 4 and 3; Dorothy Thomson brought in a 5 and 4 win from Thelma Ramsay, Pam Shand added a 4 and 3 one from Peggy Lester, and that was Scotland's match, whatever might befall the last two. In these, Scotland won the sixth, Jean Kerr, whose promise is greater than her keenness, winning by 4 and 2 from Patience Low; but England achieved a second point because Jean Hayes stuck gamely to an uphill fight until she had beaten Jessie Baxter 2 and 1. Of the weather, the less said the better. Some maintained that its atrocity favoured Scotland, who might be supposed to be better used to rain than England. I doubt it. Scotland won, as I look at it, because, like all Scottish teams, they seemed to have the fighting spirit as of the clan much more highly developed than it was in the lower handicapped English side. Perhaps the really delightful ties which an admirer had given them all had something to do with it. At all events, Scotland seemed a team, England a collection of seven players, and anybody who denies that golf can be a team game may well ponder that fact and the result of the match.

THE Girls' Golfing Society Meeting the next day must be passed over briefly. It was a triumph for the present girls, partly, no doubt, because they outnumbered the past in the proportion of three to one, but also because neither Miss Plumpton, Miss Wilkins, nor Miss Pockett, who ought to have won the scratch prize in the first division, played up to reputation, whilst Rhoda Jupp undeniably did. In the wind that was blowing, her 80 was a good enough round and the net 76 equalled par. Miss

Elizabeth Kirk, Pam Shand, Sonia Swinburn Johnson, and Peggy Edwards were four more competitors. The first two were first-round losers

The French Contingent

Lally and Sonia Vagliano, who are with their mother, Mme. Vagliano, were the only foreign competitors in the Championship. Sonia was defeated in the first round and Lally in the second

In their first-round match Audrey Butler (Newquay) lost by 2 holes to Jacqueline Gordon (Stanmore), who survived to the fourth round

Monica Parnell (Hendon) beat Anne Heywood (Chislehurst) by 3 and 1, but lost her fourth-round match 3 and 2

Wilkins' 83 took second scratch after a tie, Patience Low first handicap, and Miss Brenda Norris second, after a tie. In the longer handicap division Peggy Bullard—a very promising new recruit from Royal Norwich, took the scratch with 85, the second scratch went to Joan Negretti at 86, after a tie; the first handicap went to Margaret Urie, 86—12=74, and the second to Miss Josephine Spiers, 92—16=76. The nine-hole greensomes saw some amazing scoring, for Jean Hayes and Miss Brenda Norris, with only three shots to help them on their way, were five up, Peggy Bullard and Miss Mary Mulcaster second with 2 up.

NEXT morning a deluge, and the start of the Championship. Mercifully, the rain stopped before very long, and it made the course play much longer than last year, so that out in the thirties was rare instead of usual, the test of golf was sterner and better. So, in many ways, was the standard of golf. I do not mean that anybody strung off round after round close to par figures, but hardly a girl at Stoke but gave promise of being first-class, hitting the ball with a good crisp nip, standing up to the business, looking every inch a golfer.

There was an International flavour, too, for the first match off in the morning had Sonia Vagliano in it, and she very bravely took Mary Bown, four years her senior, to the 17th green. She swings the club delightfully; so does her elder sister, Lally, though she too went out, after having a big lead, which Joan Pemberton pulled back with the most splendid coolness.

Waveney Beesley had to play seventeen holes to beat Mary Cowan, but in the afternoon she found her game with a vengeance, was out in 39, and having won the first eight holes, got home by 7 and 5. Miss Jean Kerr was, in some opinions, the most finished golfer of all the forty-four, with a range of shot and control of the ball which would take her far if she so chose. She beat Peggy Lester 5 and 4 in the morning, and then was beaten 3 and 2 by Peggy Falkner. The latter certainly played well. She was out in 38, which included a beautiful 3 at the 6th, but when she stood dormy 5 it was Jean Kerr who showed what pluck as well as good golf can do, for she only needed iron for her seconds at both the 14th and 15th and put both within five yards of the pin. Miss Falkner, though, was not to be baulked of her prey, and an excellent recovery from the 16th bunker took her home. Margaret Urie owed her survival of the day above all to quite beautiful putting, by dint of which she beat Nancy Cook 7 and 6 and Peggy Smeeton 3 and 2, the latter having accounted for Jessie Baxter on the last green before lunch.

BEHIND that match came the youngest competitor, Diana Stephens, aged twelve and a bit, whose pitching was splendid to see. Naturally, she could not beat Dorothy Thomson, but there is plenty of time for her turn to come. Dorothy Thomson, in turn, went out to some very fine hitting from Jacqueline Gordon, who spent an anxious day beating Audrey Butler on the last green in the morning and Dorothy Thomson there in the afternoon.

Behind them came Fiona Morris, a morning heroine, because she put out the holder, who took her defeat with a beaming smile and a glad exclamation of "*Now* I can sit up for the whole of the dance at Stoke Court to-night"—which, after all, is the best possible way to take any beating. It was by 4 and 3, but in the afternoon Fiona Morris had to play twenty holes, and sink some brave saving putts at the 18th and 19th of them, to get home from Monica Parnell, a newcomer who had been bravely held in the morning by another, Anne Heywood, who, though only fourteen, has already won BYSTANDER spoons and shows plenty of promise. Angela Noble followed her with some really good golf to beat Elizabeth Cross, but she went out in the afternoon to Rhoda Jupp by 3 and 2, Rhoda showing herself a sound-thinking golfer, even if she did snatch at the ball rather more than seemed quite safe after lunch.

As for the byes, Betty Tidswell took her chances well and truly from Elizabeth Kirk, who, at thirteen years, has plenty of time to get them back again. Peggy Bullard went on hitting the ball delightfully and won by 5 and 4 from Phyllis Roberts; Sonia Swinburn Johnson, after a bad start, had a brilliant patch in the middle, to get home on the last green from Pam Shand; M. G. Edwards was too experienced for Margaret Halliday; Joan Parnell made an excellent début by beating the long-hitting Joan Negretti; Mary Browne dealt firmly with Phyllis Morris; Jean McIntyre, another new Yorkshire entry, was never up till she won on the last from Barbara Whitehead.

It was very late when play finished, but not too late for almost everybody to turn up in great spirits and the most charming of frocks for the Stoke Court Country Club dance, and everyone was in agreement with Nancy Jupp that it was well worth sitting up for.

Of the finish of the Championship you shall hear next week.

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

Mr. Hugh Walpole's New Novel

By A. G. Macdonell

ANYTHING that comes from the pen of Mr. Hugh Walpole must command respect, for Mr. Walpole is an Elder Novelist. He is a pre-war Master, and there are not so many of them about these days, more 's the pity. It is, therefore, with the profoundest timidity and deference that I venture to hint at a mere shade of a sort of suggestion of criticism of his new novel in the Polchester series. I feel like a Samurai insinuating that the Mikado has spelt Tokio without a "T" in an Imperial rescript. But I cannot help feeling that *The Inquisitor* (Macmillan; 8*s.* 6*d.*) contains too many words and too many characters. About two-thirds of the words are in Mr. Walpole's own admirable manner; about half the characters are magnificently clear and distinct. But that other third is superfluous and clogging, and that other half is a crowd of vague creatures. If only the book was shorter, it would be positively Balzacian. For the miser is as good as Grandet, and the way in which the eerie terror, inexplicable and yet deadly, is worked up is on the level of the great French novelist. And the thwarted girl, and the queer, passionate little curate, and the blind mother, and the strange, tragic figure of the miser's brother, and the wildness of the Communist agitator, all these are men and women who have been created in the grand spirit. They are foreground figures in a huge, splashed, vividly sombre canvas. But the clutter that surrounds them, jostles them, shoves them into unintelligible corners, stamps on their sensitive toes, is simply infuriating. It makes the book difficult to read, the author difficult to forgive, and deprives the world of what might have been a great novel. For Mr. Walpole has never been so near greatness, nor fallen from grace with a more resounding thud. It is almost incredible that the man who invented the terrifying figure of Stephen Furze, with his long white nose, and his cruelty, and his mackintosh, should also have found it in himself to dally over the tedious details of a Pageant in a Cathedral city.

There—I have done it! I have criticised the Son of Heaven, and nothing now remains for me but to commit hari-kari and fall upon my fountain-pen. But all the same, I mean it. *The Inquisitor* by any other man would sound a lot sweeter. By any lesser man it would be acclaimed as a marvel.

Hugh Walpole

Whose new novel, "The Inquisitor" recently made its appearance. Our book reviewer deals with it politely but firmly in the accompanying article

But we expect so much of our Elder Novelists that we must be forgiven if sometimes we run yapping at their majestic heels.

THE flow of interesting and sincere books about early days in the United States continues unabated. A nation which has spent a lot of time in decrying the effete past and glorifying the superbness of the future seems suddenly to have changed its tune. The future, since Depression, has become dark and uncertain. The past suddenly burgeons out into Romance. The scene of Mr. H. L. Davis's *Honey in the Horn* (Lovat Dickson; 8*s.* 6*d.*) is Oregon, and the characters mainly tough old-timers. There is a plot, and there are plenty of exciting scenes in it, but the kernel of the book is in the style of the telling. Mr. Davis has a profound knowledge of the old North-West, and his descriptions, and his dialogue, and his power of bringing out the obscure, honest, baffled motives of the men and women in that primitive country is most impressive. Some of the descriptions are genuine poetry, and some of the characters are the creation of a genuine poet. In fact, the impression which the whole book gives is that its author is a poet, wildly excited with the power and splendour of words, rather than a story-teller who is only trying to interest a reader with a story. And as a natural result, the poet has to rely on his magic to lure the reader over the occasional dullnesses which his lack of story-telling technique renders inevitable.

THERE is no class of professional men which is so ready to scorn the amateur as your barrister. He laughs with lofty contempt at the man who conducts his own case in the law-courts, and yet, oddly enough, he is very often eager to rush in as an amateur himself into another trade. Almost every barrister believes in his heart that he is a Heaven-born author, and Heaven knows how wrong he usually is. Lord Birkenhead was a flagrant example of this, and Mr. Stanley Jackson, author of *Mr. Justice Avory* (Gollancz; 15*s.*), is another. He has got hold of an interesting subject and has succeeded in overlaying it with a turgid mass of hackneyed metaphors and pseudo-clever verbiage.

Some of the legal cases which Mr. Jackson discusses as part of Avory's career are stories that have been better told elsewhere. For instance, it is unwise to re-hash a Marshall Hall case. They have been described, once for all, by Edward Marjoribanks. Several others in the book might well have been allowed to sink into oblivion. What is the good of dragging out the old unhappy sequence of law-suits which followed, so miserably and with such painful regularity, the Wilde case? Surely it is time that all that sad tale was buried for ever.

But with these exceptions there is much of interest in these cases, and to the layman not the least interesting point is that Avory does not appear as a great man even in the hands of his admiring biographer. He does not stand out as anything more than a painstaking barrister, a dry and precise Judge, and the possessor of a hard streak of what might be described not as inhumanity but unhumanity.

MISS EBERHART'S crime novel, *The House on the Roof* (Collins; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is an American thriller that is much more English in tone and tempo than American. There are no furious dashings of patrol-wagons, or third-degrees, or black-jackings, or hold-ups. The action is slow and deliberate, and Lieutenant Waggon, of the Chicago Homicide Squad, relies more upon kindness than upon slugging his unfortunate prisoners with heavy rubber truncheons for his results. There is not much originality about the plot or the characters found in this book, but on the other hand there are not any more improbabilities in it than in any other of the same sort. For readers of thrillers I should rank this book pretty high.

Miss M. R. Eberhart

Has made a name for herself on both sides of the Atlantic as a writer of thrillers. Her latest, "The House on the Roof" comes well up to standard

FASHION . . .

as it flies . . . . by Elizabeth

This lovely frock is a modern interpretation of the mediæval robes. It is carried out in velvet, and may be seen in the model gown department at Harrods, Knightsbridge. The colour, a rich ruby red, is taken from the old stained-glass windows which, together with the recent Italian Exhibition, have proved a fount of inspiration. The graceful skirt flares below the knee and forms a short train, while the décolletée and open-work sleeves are enriched with gold and jewelled embroidery. There are other informal dinner frocks, many of them designed on similar lines. One model in gold chiffon has wide ecclesiastical sleeves, and a gathered skirt which starts below the hips. The long corsage is caught in at the waist by a wide and decorative jewelled belt

Lenare

Knitted Checks and Wool Jersey

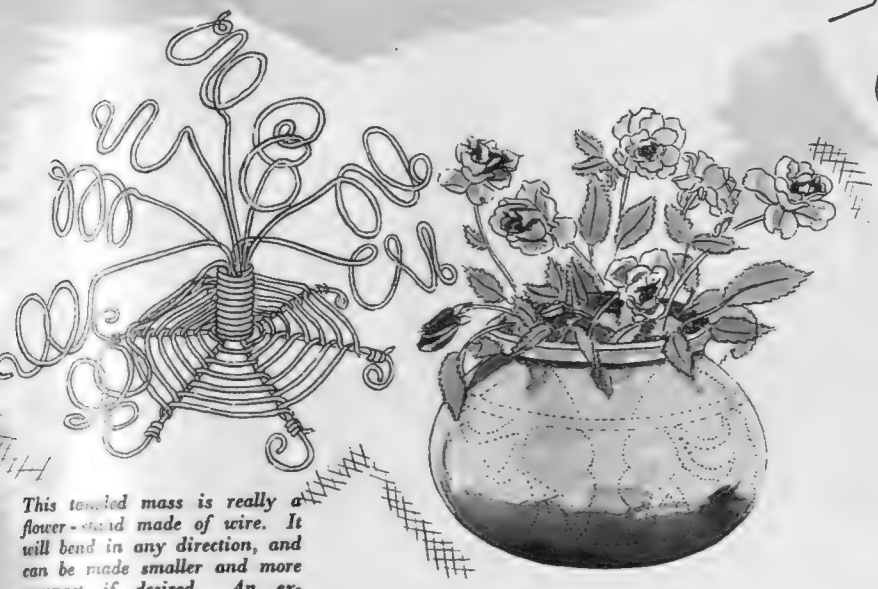
Altogether charming are the knitted suits this season, especially for the sportswoman. Sometimes they are treated to look like angora, or else they have a rough "knobbly" surface which suggests tweed. The frock above is in green wool jersey, and may be seen at Liberty's, Regent Street. It is cut on simple lines, with knife pleats in the skirt and inset bell-shaped sleeves. The high round neck is stitched to suggest a collar, and a contrasting note is introduced by the black suède belt and chenille tassels. It is available in several becoming shades and only costs 89s. 6d. A feature is here made of attractive wool jumpers and pullovers

A smart and practical suit for cooler days is seen on the right. It is knitted with a raised white overcheck and a plain ground. The short cardigan coat is belted and buttons up to the neck, while the skirt is straight and slim fitting. A circular cape with a turn-down collar and tie ends completes the scheme, and the price is 6 guineas in the knitwear department at Liberty's. The vogue for capes will continue throughout the autumn. They may be long, short or three-quarter length, and in many cases they flare from the back. For evening they are full and sweeping, with jewelled fastenings and elaborate collars which sometimes take the place of a hood

Lenare

The Bystander Turns in search of NOVELTIES

discovered by peta; pictured by pam



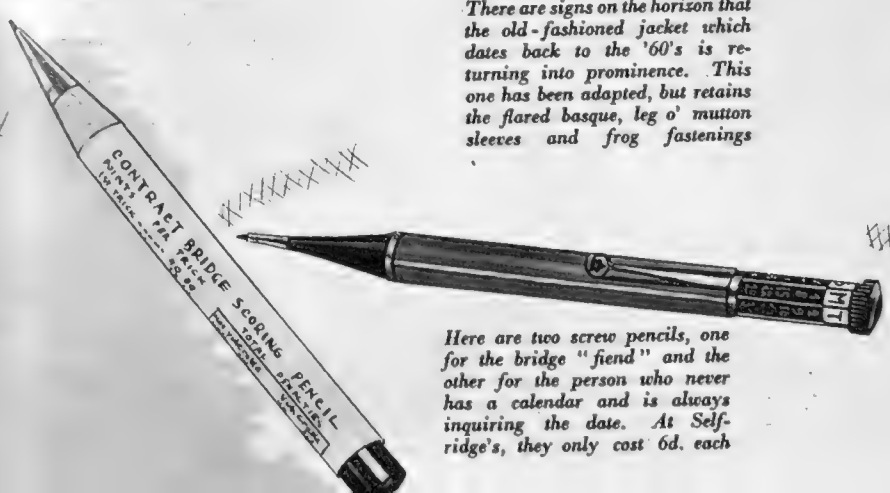
This tousled mass is really a flower-stand made of wire. It will bend in any direction, and can be made smaller and more compact if desired. An excellent idea for drooping flowers

The difficulties of reading a road map are solved by this pocket compass, which conceals a magnifying glass. From Selfridge's, Oxford Street, it costs only 1s.

No amount of shaking will empty this Scotch purse. It is made of rubber and divided into two sections, one for small coins and the other for half-crowns and florins. Each hole, however, will expand when necessary, and the price is 1s. from Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly

There are signs on the horizon that the old-fashioned jacket which dates back to the '60's is returning into prominence. This one has been adapted, but retains the flared basque, leg o' mutton sleeves and frog fastenings

The new "Laprap" rug is made in soft reversible wool cloth, and may be seen in the coat department on the ground floor at Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street. It costs 28s. 6d. and can be worn as a skirt or cape, while for motoring it will keep the wind out better if worn back to front



Here are two screw pencils, one for the bridge "fiend" and the other for the person who never has a calendar and is always inquiring the date. At Selfridge's, they only cost 6d. each

Left: the British Sportsmen's Club recently welcomed the All Blacks at a luncheon held at the Savoy. Top-table notables included Lord Bledisloe (left), former Governor-General of New Zealand, J. E. Manchester, the skipper of the All Blacks, Lord Decies, who presided, and V. R. S. Meredith, the team's manager

Below: H. P. Mather, the Scottish "Rugger" International, and Miss Catherine Walker, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Walker, of Belford Gardens, Edinburgh. They are shortly to be married in Edinburgh

A "Rugger" Romance

The All Blacks' First Fixture: Luncheon at the Savoy

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

Dark Horses from "Down Under"

IT is pleasant to be thinking of Rugby football again, and almost tolerable to be writing about it. A grand game, as I was reminded when I watched the Arsenal beat Sunderland in the opening match of the "Soccer" season a fortnight ago.

"Soccer" is all very well—neat and nimble—pretty juggling—but somehow disembodied, a shadow of a game beside Rugby football.

So I thought, at any rate, when I remembered that this year we have to face the All Blacks again. Nothing disembodied here, but hard, chunky men, with football in their blood and an extraordinary aptitude for becoming great players as soon as their boots touch English mud.

If we are to believe New Zealand critics, few of them are great players yet. We shall have an opportunity of judging for ourselves next Saturday, September 14th, when the All Blacks meet Devon and Cornwall in the first match of their tour. And it will be surprising if they do not show signs of developing into a great side.

WE were told, in all good faith, that the 1924 All Blacks were a poor side, well below New Zealand standards. There is no need to recall how thoroughly they gave the lie to their detractors. I have an idea that the players who arrived last week will vindicate themselves with equal force and certainty.

It is true that the All Blacks disappointed their supporters sadly when they toured Australia last year. Two representative matches were played, and the Australians won the first easily, and made a draw of the other. What is more, the All Blacks' forwards were held and beaten, a significant fact indeed.

It brings us to the most interesting aspect of the present tour. The All Blacks have abandoned the 2-3-2 scrummage formation which they used in 1924, and have reverted to the orthodox 3-2-3 or 3-4-1 methods of packing.

This may seem merely a technicality, but actually it is a tactical development of the utmost importance. In New Zealand the experts maintain that it has resulted in a most marked deterioration in both forward and back play. We shall, therefore, watch the All Black scrummaging against Devon and Cornwall with particular attention. I fancy that upon scrummaging depends the success of this New Zealand tour.

WHEN the All Blacks packed 2-3-2 the extra forward, or rover, put the ball in, while the scrum-half waited at the base of the scrummage to whip it away with the minimum of delay. A split second saved gave the attack, so New Zealand critics argue, just that chance of success which is lacking when the half has to run round the scrummage and gather the ball before passing it out.

Straight running in attack, we are told, is seen no more, and scrummaging has declined into quick breaking and spoiling. A great pity, if it is true, but I do not see why the scrummage formation should be blamed. What has happened, it seems to me, is this: the All Blacks have reverted to the orthodox methods of packing, without realising that the essential function of forwards is to control the game.

I AM sorry, so early in the season, to plague you with this King Charles' head of mine, but I am convinced that until scrummaging in all its aspects is given its proper place in Rugby theory the game must be delivered over to spoilers and opportunists.

We are suffering from the same trouble in this country. It has ruined our football for several seasons past. We refuse to learn our lessons, but *one* thing is certain—if we are to beat the All Blacks, we must first beat their forwards, and we can only hope to do that by concentrating on genuine scrummaging.

As a matter of fact, it may well be that the All Blacks will ram the lesson even further home. I am interested by the fact that they have selected mainly scrummaging forwards, and big forwards at that, as opposed to quick-breaking wingers. They have, in fact, only two loose specialists. The rest shove and revel in the close stuff.

IT would not surprise me at all to find that Mr. V. R. Meredith, their very astute manager, uses this tour as an opportunity for developing a real scrummaging pack. He is a great judge of the game, and before long he will tumble to the fact that genuine forward play over here is at a low ebb.

He has at his disposal sixteen forwards averaging fourteen stone, and fast at that. With such material, and the facilities for combined practise, which are the main strength of a touring team, Mr. Meredith should be able to build up a scrummaging machine capable of carrying his All Blacks to invincibility.

LET us admit that the All Black backs are dark horses. New Zealand opinion does not rate them very highly, though we are told that E. W. Tindell, a five-eighths, C. J. Oliver, a centre, and G. F. Hart, a wing, are players of great possibilities.

Tindell is at least versatile. He was a scrum-half until the Selectors, in an emergency, tried him at five-eighths, which corresponds to our stand-off half, and playing in that position for the first time, he was so brilliantly successful that he won his place in the team.

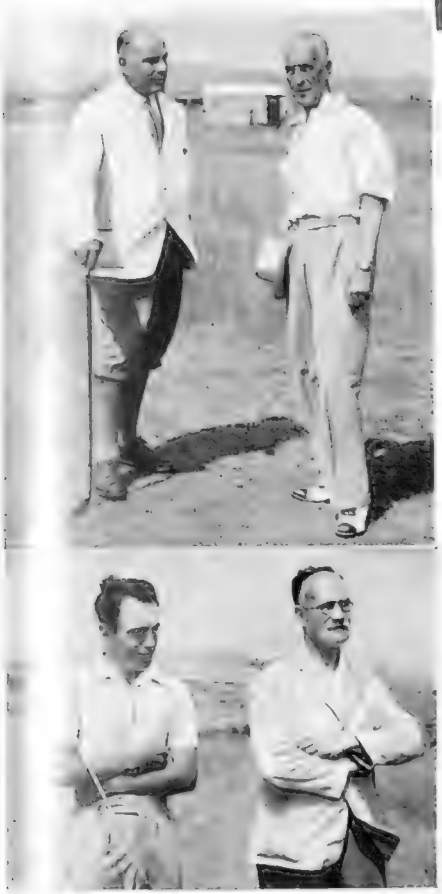
There is general regret in this country that Nepia, that great full-back, is not among the chosen men, but Nepia is a veteran now, and I am told that G. Gilbert, his successor, is an extremely sound player.

But about individuals we must reserve judgment. Beyond question the 1935 All Blacks will receive a tremendous welcome, and though we shall do our best to beat them, we are even more concerned with the friendships which the tour should bring us. It will, I am sure, be a happy tour, and before it is over we shall have seen much memorable football.

Golf Clubs At Home

Camber Castle, Winchelsea, East Sussex

A View of the Club-house



(1) Lord Ritchie of Dundee (President) and Arthur Piper (hon. secretary). (2) J. H. Cooke (captain) and Oswald Moser, R.I. (3) C. W. Culyer and F. Dodd (assistant professional). (4) A. J. Chalkley (professional) and W. H. Best (steward). (5) Commander R. Cooper, R.N.R., and R. Fenwick. (6) W. H. Bourne and K. H. Glazebrook

A View of the 14th Green, Showing the Ruins of the Castle, Built by Henry VIII

Left: a group seen after the wedding between the well-known golfer, T. P. Whitaker, and Dione Auldjo Jamieson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Auldjo Jamieson, of Nether Abbey, North Berwick. From left to right are Anne Chichester, Juliet Jamieson, Raymond Oppenheimer, the best man, the bride and bridegroom, Mirabel Jamieson and Barbara Steele

The Open of 1892

By J. S. F. Morrison

Below: the finalists in the "Sphere" Invitation Golf Meeting at Sunningdale. They are Major P. C. Burton (left), the winner, and W. D. H. McCullough, the runner-up

THERE are very many articles which, if you keep them for a sufficiently long time, become either valuable or interesting. Accounts of golf competitions or tournaments played a long time ago, and especially those in which famous players took part, are just as interesting at the present time as they were when they were first written. A short time ago I was visiting one of the oldest golf clubs in the country, and took the opportunity of looking through its records; the first entry in the book was the result of a medal competition, under handicap, played as long ago as 1884. On the page opposite there was an account of the first day's play in the Open Championship of forty-three years ago, which I found of great interest and which I intend to discuss, as I hope my readers will also find it interesting.

THE account starts: "Play in the great golfing event of the year, the Open Championship, was begun to-day over the links of the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers at Muirfield, near North Berwick." You will find practically the same words if you look through the daily newspapers or golfing papers of a few weeks ago. The account continues: "Great interest has been excited in golfing circles over the tournament and although the links are rather inaccessible, being nearly two miles from a railway station, there was a large assemblage of spectators from Edinburgh, St. Andrews, North Berwick, and other places." Nowadays, people who live two miles from a golf club, consider it extremely accessible, and usually reach it by motor-car in under four minutes. Most of the competitors in the English Close Championship at Hollinwell this year resided about fourteen miles from the course. The large assemblage mentioned in this account would most certainly not gladden the hearts of those who hope, nowadays, to benefit from the sums of money received for admittance to the course. This championship, which was played in 1892, was the first of the Open Championships decided by play over 72 holes; previously, since the inception of the Belt in 1860, only 36 holes had been played. Joe Kirkwood this year said the Open was not sufficiently attractive, meaning that, in his opinion, the prize money was not big enough. In 1892 his remarks might have been justified, as we read: "The prize money offered amounts, in all to £115, of which £35, or its equivalent, goes to the champion." As a matter of fact, it was its equivalent that went to the champion, as this championship was won by H. H. Hilton, of the Royal Liverpool Golf Club, who is described as one of Mr. Ball's protégés and was then so ltitle known that the writer of this account did not know his correct initials as he appears in the list of returns as "Mr. W. Hilton." The total number of entries was 66, which looks very small when compared with the 312 at Royal St. George's last year. Although the entry only consisted of 66 players, we read: "no prominent golfer was absent from the meeting save Mr. J. E. Laidlay, an ex-amateur champion. Every professional golfer of repute was present. Play started at ten-thirty and the last couple did not come in until six-thirty; the game was continued uninterruptedly save during a short interval for luncheon." Nowadays play starts at eight o'clock and the last players seldom come in before six-thirty, and there is no short interval for luncheon.

THE account continues, just like an account of present-day golf: "Much of the play was of a brilliant nature. The other day Archie Simpson, Carnoustie, did a round of the links in 69, and established that for a 'record,' there was nothing like that, however, done to-day. The lowest figures in which the round was done were 74, a result achieved by Mr. Horace Hutchinson in his first round. In his second round the same gentleman put on a 78 and with 152, which these figures made, came out at the end of the play as the lowest scorer of the day." There are two points worth noting here: first, the 69 of Simpson; this must have been a stupendous effort with the balls then used and when the playing conditions of golf-courses of that time are taken into consideration; and second, what an unfortunate golfer Horace H. Hutchinson was. For years he was considered the first amateur champion, but later the meeting held at Hoylake in 1885 was acknowledged a championship and he thus lost this honour; if the Open of 1892 had been played under the same conditions as formerly, namely, over 36 holes, he would have been victorious. We later read: "Mr. John Ball, Jun., maintained his reputation, as also did Willie Park, of Musselburgh, an ex-champion, both returning cards of 155 for two rounds; while A. Herd, Huddersfield, who is a rising young player, was fortunate enough to complete the day's play with the same total." This is certainly not a very great compliment to that "rising young player," now known all over the world as Sandy Herd, who was a competitor in the Open at Muirfield this year. "Bernard Sayers, of North Berwick, a well-tried exponent of the game, had rather a high card of 80." I cannot remember Sayers ever being referred to as Bernard; he was always known as Ben or Wee Bennie; and the John White we find in the list of results is the man who has never been known to golfers by any other name than Jack White. I admire tremendously the expression "a well-tried exponent of the game," and can think of a large number of present-day golfers to whom it applies most adequately. Nowadays these types of golfer are generally known as flat-catchers; they usually do not hit the ball very far and seldom appear to hit a good shot, but, on the other hand, they never play a bad one, hole all the doubtful putts, and put several chip shots dead; we think we are much better golfers than they are, and when they have beaten us we are amazed to discover that they have holed the course in a very low figure.

UNFORTUNATELY, there is no account of the second day's play, but in the records we find that the Open of 1892 was won by Mr. H. H. Hilton with a score of 305, twenty-two shots more than Perry took this year; but it is very possible that Hilton played better golf than the present champion.

The family's my theme...

To interest me things must be *practical.* My car's a Standard Sixteen de Luxe —the most *efficient* car all-round I could find. A wide *back-seat* for Mary and the young people. A thrifty six-cylinder engine with *seven-bearing crankshaft*— a silent 68 m.p.h.—a splendid car on hills. Economy of effort —steering-wheel control of *dipping switch, horn and trafficators.* Has all the luggage space for a family with lots of things. And with Telescopic Steering, new dashboard with *accurate* speedometer, and a host of accessories included at £269— quite the best equipped car I know in its class.

D.W.S. permanent 4-wheel jacking system in operation. Lifting the car by this method is the easiest thing —no wonder the little fellow is enthusiastic!

The interior of the "Sixteen" is fascinatingly luxurious. Deep, soft seats upholstered in finest furniture hide—large windows with louvres which shut out draughts and rain—ample head and leg room—side and centre arm rests in the rear compartment—and tables which fold into the backs of the front seats.

STANDARD "SIXTEEN · de · LUXE"

FOR MOTORISTS WHO PUT QUALITY FIRST

For a trial run, literature and full particulars, apply to:—

"STANDARD CARS"
37 Davies Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W.1.
Mayfair 5011

Head Office:—
THE STANDARD MOTOR CO. LTD.
CANLEY, COVENTRY

Other models 9 h.p. to 20 h.p.
PRICES £135 TO £450.

«

Personalities in the King's Cup Race. Captain de Havilland, the famous designer-pilot, discussing the route with his sons, Peter and Geoffrey. They flew his latest 'plane, the de H. 90, a twin with two Gipsy Majors

Mrs. Macdonald, the only British competitor in a race for women pilots from Paris to Cannes. She finished third in her Miles "Hawk" at an average speed of 134 miles an hour

Our Imperial Air Routes

By Charles Ward

Skyways Across the World

PLANS which will make Imperial Airways' system the most comprehensive in the world, are well under way. The parent company has six or more offspring at the present time, each formed to take care of a section where considerations of policy or subsidy indicate a separate concern. In Africa, India and Australia, these companies have been registered for some time. The more recent are those for the Far East to operate routes from Bangkok and Singapore to China and Japan via Indo-China and Borneo respectively; for West Africa to operate from Khartoum south of the Sahara to Nigeria and the Gold Coast; and for the Continent, to take care of all those lines to European capitals which are not part of the Empire system. One further subsidiary may be required to join forces with the Americans for a trans-Atlantic service. The change-over from landplanes to flying boats on the long-distance routes cannot take place for two years, but in the meantime all suitable pilots are to be trained on marine aircraft. One of the old "Calcuttas" has been flown home from Africa and will be stationed on the Solent, possibly in charge of A.S.T., pilots being sent down in relays for a course on the briny.

Rail-Air Services

THE centenary of the G.W.R. reminds me that it was the late Squadron Leader Collett, at the time of his death assistant secretary of the Company, who was responsible for many of the details in the Railway's Air Transport Bill that received the Royal Assent in May 1929. Collett's experience in the R.A.F. during the war and in the Auxiliary Air Force from its inception, gave him first-hand knowledge of the possibilities of aircraft for transport, and being a lawyer he was able to use this knowledge for the benefit of the Railways Bill. At that time the Big Four was still suffering from the competition of road transport, and its executives were sufficiently far-sighted to press for air powers before it was too late. The G.W.R. took the lead by establishing an air service to link up certain towns in its area which were not well connected by rail. More recently Railway Air Services, Ltd., was formed in conjunction with Imperial Airways, and this group operates, according to "Bradshaw," eight different services in this country. Daily mileage on the G.W. section is sixteen hundred and fifty compared with four hundred in the first year, 1933. Although it is unlikely that the Railways will secure a monopoly, of air transport over here, their enormous resources will enable them to provide a public service of the very first class and to set a standard for others to follow.

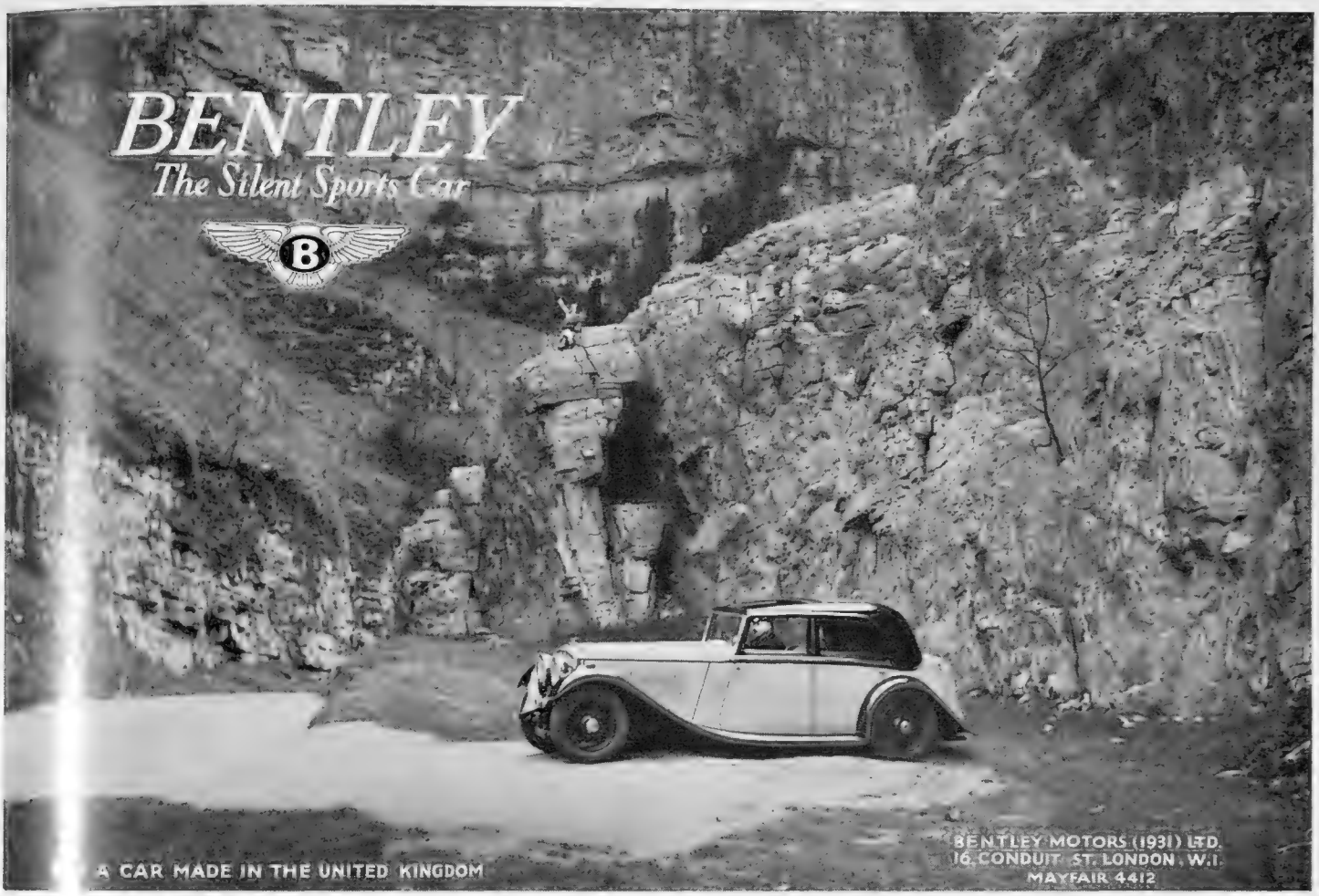
"The Sincerest Form of Flattery"

THERE is no greater tribute to the quality of British aircraft design than the efforts now being made in France, and probably in other countries, to imitate the "Comet," the 'plane that won the Australia Race. Two "Comets" were bought by the French Government for use on the South American mail route and, in charge of M. Mermoz, some remarkable flights have been made, all averaging round the 200 m.p.h. mark. Quite naturally, French designers have hopes of bettering the "Comet's" performance, but De Havilland's themselves have produced a super-Comet for Campbell Black which cruises at 200 m.p.h. at 10,000 ft., and has a range approaching 3000 miles. Another product of De Havilland's that has achieved great success, is the "Express," also known by Imperial Airways as the "Diana." Thirty-two of these four-engined liners have been sold in the first year, mostly for use at home and in the Dominions, excepting Canada, which remains for the most part faithful to American machines from over the border. Ten passengers cruised at 145 m.p.h. with 800 h.p. is an amazingly good performance; in fact, better than can be offered by any foreign competitor, taking into account, of course, four-engined reliability and low cost.

Around the 'Dromes

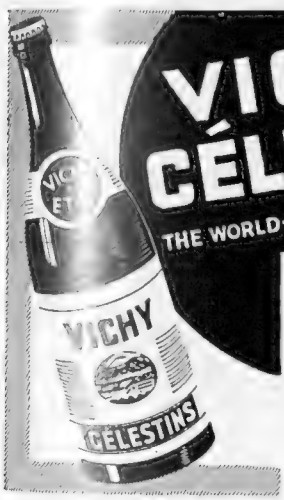
THE South Coast Flying Club is now open at Shoreham, part of the spacious premises in the Municipal Airport building having been taken over for members' use. The Secretary is Mr. Smallman, from Brooklands, whose organisation is responsible for flying facilities. Members of the Brooklands Club can now enjoy the amenities at four aerodromes, Lympne and Sywell being the other two. Reports from those who took part in the Tour of Holland indicate that Dutch hospitality was superb, and some eighty entrants from ten different countries flew home with very happy memories of the party. In the principal competition, which took the form of a navigation and map-reading trial, a Polish and a British pilot tied for first place, the former flying a Leopard Moth, and Mr. "Reg" Presland, the British pilot, flying his own Puss Moth. In the August list of new pilots, I saw the name of Mr. Richard Fairey, a son of the famous constructor, who made his first solo at Heston after four hours' training. This is three hours less than the average.

BENTLEY
The Silent Sports Car



A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

BENTLEY MOTORS (1931) LTD.
16, CONDUIT ST. LONDON, W.1.
MAYFAIR 4412



VICHY-CÉLESTINS
THE WORLD-RENOWNED NATURAL MINERAL WATER

RHEUMATISM

VICHY-CÉLESTINS is Nature's own antidote for warding off the pains and penalties of *Rheumatism.* Drink it *regularly* at meals, and at any other time. *Obtainable everywhere.*

● CAUTION.—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the Sole Wholesale Agents:
INGRAM & ROYLE LTD.,
Bangor Wharf, 45, Belvedere Road, London.

FAMOUS SINCE 1885

APPROVED BY DOCTORS

Rendells

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS

You simply must

"TATTOO your lips!"

IMAGINE! Instead of *coating* your lips, you can now *stain* them . . . *tattoo* them . . . with a transparent, even, luscious colour that really stays all day . . . and that's fully as exciting as the adventurous South Seas from which this idea came.

Here's how you do it: apply TATTOO just like ordinary lipstick . . . let it set a moment . . . then wipe it off. Your lips remain evenly, gorgeously, invitingly and lastingly red!

At the same time, TATTOO will actually make your lips thrillingly smooth and soft . . . and will *keep* them youthfully caressing. Yes, *actually!* You simply *must* try it.

FOUR EXCITING SHADES NEVER SEEN BEFORE . . .

NO. 1 has an exciting orangish pink tint. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and titian blondes. It is called "CORAL."

NO. 2 is an exotic, new shade, brilliant, yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it. It is called "EXOTIC."

NO. 3 is a medium shade. A true, rich, blood colour that will be an asset to any brunette. It is called "NATURAL."

NO. 4 is of the type that changes colour when applied to the lips. Gives an unusually transparent richness and a depth of warm colour that is truly amazing. It is called "PASTEL."

At the better cosmetic counters everywhere—this TATTOO SELECTOR

. . . select your proper colour by actual test on your own skin

PRICE 4/6

Distributors: FASSETT & JOHNSON LTD., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1. 'Phone: Clerkenwell 2336

Another Motoring Bugbear Vanquished

The Austin Co.'s Lead

By The Earl of Cardigan

ALREADY information concerning the exhibits to be seen at the Motor Show in October is beginning to trickle in. It is early as yet to attempt to analyse the various new features which the 1936 models will incorporate. It is clear, however, that special attention is being paid to equipment—in other words, that the car of 1936 is going to be essentially more convenient than its predecessors for the owner-driver to handle and to maintain.

In particular, I am delighted to see that more attention is being paid to the very real problem of jacking. It has always been an annoyance to have to crawl about on the road for the purpose of fixing the ordinary jack under a car's axle prior to changing a wheel; but of late years it has become far more annoying than ever, owing to the coy manner in which both front and rear axles now conceal themselves from view.

STREAM-LINING or no stream-lining, nearly all modern cars have what is called a "down-swept" panel at the back, whereby the coachwork terminates somewhere in the region of the rear bumpers. The petrol tank is almost invariably located in the same neighbourhood, to say nothing of shock absorbers and similar excrescences. Altogether, the rear axle takes a lot of finding!

In front, conditions are not much better. The modern radiator shell commonly projects over the front axle, with a bumper extending in front of this again. In short, the more "up-to-date" a car may be in general design, the more awkward is the job of getting an ordinary jack into position under either of its axles.

It has, of course, long been realised that this problem exists; and for many years tentative efforts have been made to cope with it. Thus, for those with money to spend, there have been permanent jacking devices, the fitting of which has proved very successful. In the vast majority of cases, however, such devices have been "extras," produced on a relatively small scale, fitted on request to individual chassis, and consequently costing rather more than the average man has been able to afford.

ONLY on a very few cars, hitherto, has any permanent jacking system been sold as a normal part of the equipment. For the most part, manufacturers have contented themselves with the fitting of special jacking "pads," or projections, beneath which an ordinary jack may be placed with at least a moderate degree of ease. Even these "pads," however, have never been universally adopted.

Broadly speaking, it seems to me that 1935 will become notable, as being the first year in which the jacking problem is to be tackled in a bold and thorough-going manner. Judging by the evidence now available, it would appear that permanent jacking is very definitely "on the map," as one of the features which the public will henceforth be entitled to expect when buying a car of any but the very cheapest type. It will be the rule, rather than the exception.

Of the different systems of permanent jacking, it remains to be decided which is likely to prove the most popular. There are two main varieties—those worked mechanically, and those operated on the hydraulic principle. Of these, I think it is true to say that the mechanical types are the simplest, and have been the first to be fitted as standard by enterprising manufacturers.

On the other hand, it is hydraulic jacking which seems to be making the biggest stride forward at the present time. There is one hydraulic jacking system in particular which seems to have commended itself just lately to several of our leading car producers. Its official adoption on so wide a scale is surely of significance.

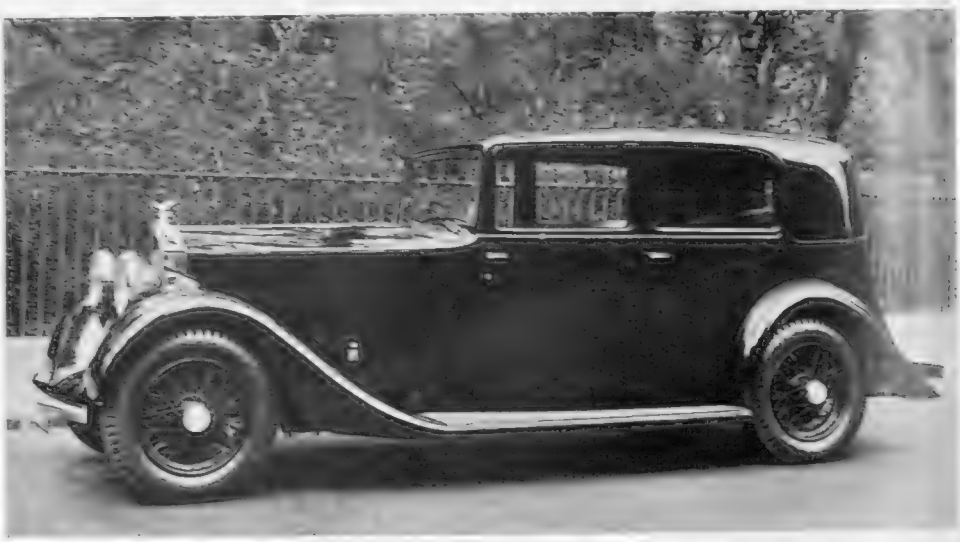
WHEN the motoring public begins to appreciate the boon that is being offered to it in the shape of this general adoption of permanent jacking for private cars of all sorts, one curious fact is sure to provoke comment. This is that the "boom" in this particular accessory was not originated by the makers of "luxury" vehicles, but rather by those manufacturers who cater for the ordinary man or woman. The lead was first given in the £400-£500 class, and is being followed up to-day in the £200-£300 class. The £1,000 cars, and those of even greater price, have rather lagged behind.

As an example, we may note that hydraulic jacks, of the Jackall type, are now being fitted to all 16, 18 and 20-h.p. Austins. These are not expensive cars. One of the most popular 16-h.p saloon models sells for less than £300.

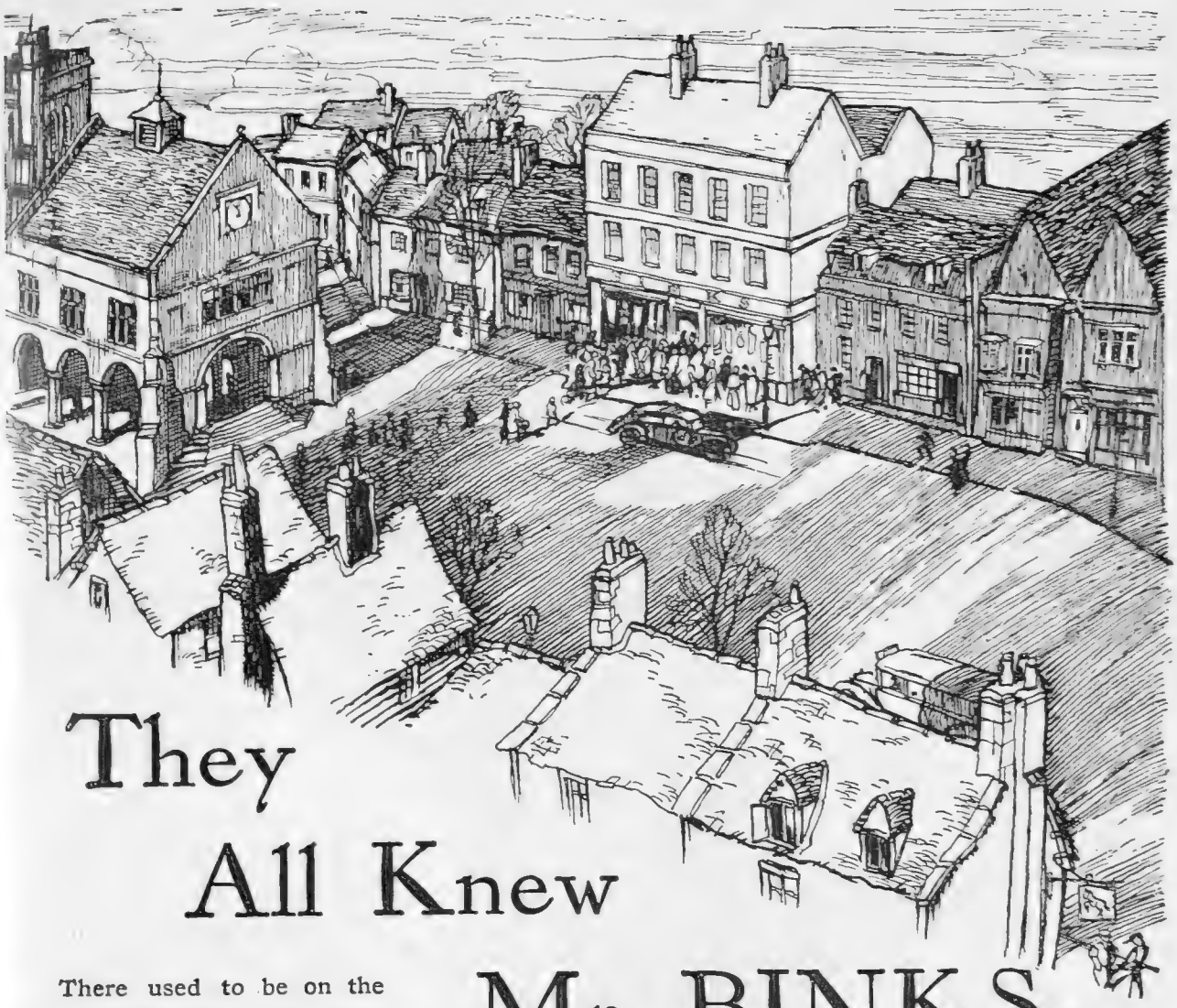
To my mind, it is extremely creditable to the Austin Motor Co. that this improvement should be added to models which are within the reach of the great majority of buyers. This is yet one more proof of the wonderful value which can be obtained to-day from makers of cars in the "popular" class.

The new Austins, of course, are improved in many other respects; and their better braking and steering systems may perhaps be regarded as of more fundamental importance. None the less, I foresee that easy jacking will be responsible for many Austin sales during 1936—and the average owner-driver will admit that such sales will be well deserved.

The 1936 Hillman "Minx" has undergone an enormous amount of improvement and re-designing, and its convenience, comfort and performance are remarkable in a car of only £7 10s. tax. Despite all the improvements, the Saloon de Luxe, as seen above, has been reduced to £175, and the Saloon model is priced at £159



An attractive saloon with sunshine roof, mounted on the latest type 20-25-h.p. Rolls-Royce chassis. It was recently supplied to Mr. E. G. Harrington by Messrs. Jack Barclay, Ltd.



They All Knew Mr. BINKS

There used to be on the High Street a butcher called Binks who sold such grand meat that never once did he lose a customer.

* * *

No other butcher in the town could show you counters so freshly scoured, or knives and choppers and hooks so silvery; and whether he was weighing a whacking big joint or half-a-pound of steak, down with an honest thump would go your side of the scales and as often as not with a fine lump of suet thrown in for luck.

* * *

A cheerful, likeable soul, this Binks, who well deserved to get on. And get on he did, for at fifty he retired, selling his business to a stranger.

* * *

So passed a name that will never be forgotten by the folks who bought their meat from Binks.

* * *

But there; that was only a year ago and now the shop is closed, for Jinks, the new man, quickly lost all his custom. The meat he sold looked decent enough but cooked as tough as leather. He wore a greasy coat. He snapped at children. He imagined that once a week was often enough to clean up the shop. Customers never called a second time and up went Mr. Jinks' shutters.

* * *

So passed another name that was remembered, but only as a warning.

* * *

Two butchers. Two names. One a success, the other a failure. To Binks, people went regularly for their meat. One visit to Jinks was more than enough.

* * *

The same sort of test applies nowadays to everything that is sold. Nobody buys poor stuff twice! Everybody shuns a name that cannot be trusted. No firm can go on advertising things that are not good. Which is exactly why the articles whose names you see advertised over and over again in this paper are plainly and indisputably the best your money can buy.

* * *

Well, then: make a regular habit of asking for what you want by its advertised name and be quite sure you do get just what you ask for.

"Bystander" Women's Golf Competition August Monthly Medal Results

Thirty spoons are awarded in each L.G.U. Handicap Division each summer month for the best net scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From October to March, inclusive, fifteen spoons are given in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for the last places; if there should be a further tie, the card played on the course with the highest scratch score wins. Full particulars will be sent on application.

Silver Division (Handicaps of 18 and under)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. P. K. Booth ..	Outlane	72	16	56	70	14 below
Miss J. Currie ..	North Worcs. ..	80	17	63	72	9 ,,
Miss Leech	Hesketh	78	12	66	74	8 ,,
Mrs. Linaker	Buxton and High Peak	82	17	65	73	8 ,,
Miss B. Simpson ..	Hearsall	85	18	67	74	7 ,,
Mrs. H. V. Newton ..	Birkdale	72	2	70	76	6 ,,
Miss S. Swinburn Johnson	Stoke Poges	78	8	70	76	6 ,,
Miss D. J. Hayes ..	Moseley	81	12	69	75	6 ,,
Mrs. Cowlin	Walmer & Kingsdown	81	12	69	74	5 ,,
Mrs. John Griffith ..	Royal Porthcawl ..	83	14	69	74	5 ,,
Miss M. Saunby ..	Cleethorpes	83	16	67	72	5 ,,
Miss J. Channing ..	Rugby	84	17	67	72	5 ,,
Miss C. Howard ..	Harrogate	74	4	70	74	4 ,,
Mrs. Marsham Townshend ..	Chiselhurst	73	6	67	71	4 ,,
Mrs. Ford	North Berwick ..	84	12	72	76	4 ,,
Miss F. Eden ..	Dulwich and Sydenham Hill	83	12	71	75	4 ,,
Mrs. N. Slater	Market Rasen ..	78	15	63	67	4 ,,
Mrs. E. Thacker ..	Cleethorpes	84	16	68	72	4 ,,
Mrs. C. J. Clements ..	Sherwood Forest ..	89	17	72	76	4 ,,
Miss K. Lowe ..	Tamworth	86	17	69	73	4 ,,
Mrs. Blower	Shirley Park	89	18	71	75	4 ,,
Mrs. G. F. Burton ..	Cleethorpes	86	18	68	72	4 ,,
Miss Sheila Stroyan ..	Stoke Poges	77	4	73	76	3 ,,
Miss J. Burles	Aberdovey	76	4	72	75	3 ,,
Miss J. Southam ..	Walmer & Kingsdown	76	5	71	74	3 ,,
Mrs. G. Steele ..	Irvine	88	14	74	77	3 ,,
Mrs. J. G. Lucas ..	Leamington and City	86	15	71	74	3 ,,
Mrs. Eric Newcombe ..	Ladbrook Park ..	88	18	70	73	3 ,,
Miss C. Rowland ..	Lees Hall	76	4	72	74	2 ,,
Miss D Spalding ..	Burton-on-Trent ..	75	5	70	72	2 ,,

Bronze Division (Handicaps of 19 and over)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. M. Belton ..	Oakdale	80	19	61	76	15 below
Mrs. L. Bancroft ..	Flamborough Head ..	86	28	58	70	12 ,,
Mrs. J. H. Hardman ..	Prestbury and Upton	93	29	64	76	12 ,,
Mrs. F. J. Martin ..	Royal Blackheath ..	92	30	62	74	12 ,,
Mrs. E. J. Green ..	Glen Gorse	94	32	62	74	12 ,,
Mrs. Moore	Derbyshire	95	34	61	73	12 ,,
Mrs. Torr	Hazel Grove	96	35	61	73	12 ,,
Mrs. O. M. Price ..	Walsall	100	36	64	76	12 ,,
Mrs. E. A. Temple ..	Spalding	95	36	59	71	12 below
Miss Mary Beever ..	Woodsome Hall ..	96	31	65	75	10 ,,
Mrs. H. Arnold ..	Bramhall	97	32	65	75	10 ,,
Mrs. Hawtrey ..	Ryde	90	32	58	68	10 ,,
Mrs. C. C. Bowers ..	Castle Bromwich ..	98	35	63	73	10 ,,
Mrs. L. G. Rowsell ..	Dulwich and Sydenham Hill	87	21	66	75	9 ,,
Mrs. Dickson	Holyhead	85	22	63	72	9 ,,
Miss C. C. Weir ..	Gullane (No. 3) ..	84	23	61	70	9 ,,
Mrs. Hedley	Wollaton Park ..	93	28	65	74	9 ,,
Miss P. Jackson ..	Walsall	98	31	67	76	9 ,,
Mrs. Wilburn	Datchet	101	36	65	74	9 ,,
Mrs. N. Forster ..	Congleton	79	19	60	68	8 ,,
Mrs. E. F. Creagh ..	Poona	84	24	60	68	8 ,,
Mrs. Morton	Ashburnham ..	91	25	66	74	8 ,,
Mrs. Frances Berts ..	Exmouth	99	36	63	71	8 ,,
Mrs. J. Smart ..	Nevin and District ..	83	19	64	71	7 ,,
Mrs. A. E. Smith ..	Tamworth	89	23	66	73	7 ,,
Miss Sheldon	Macclesfield	86	23	63	70	7 ,,
Miss E. M. Fielding ..	Hebden Bridge and District	88	25	63	70	7 ,,
Mrs. M. Booth ..	Ilkley	96	27	69	76	7 ,,
Miss I. Lennard ..	Royal Blackheath ..	96	29	67	74	7 ,,
Miss Marriott	Radcliffe-on-Trent ..	93	30	63	70	7 ,,

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY
THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON SEPTEMBER

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

The "Bystander's"

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES

(14th Year) Ranelagh, October 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th, 1935

and

LADIES' ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES

(11th Year) Roehampton, October 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th, 1935

By kind invitation of the respective clubs.

RANELAGH: Challenge Cups and replicas to winners, prizes to runners-up and semi-finalists.

ROEHAMPTON: Prizes to winners, runners-up and semi-finalists.

CONDITIONS

Entries, made on the accompanying entrance form, will be received up to Thursday, September 19th, *without limit of number or handicap, and will be acknowledged by postcard. Such acknowledgment does not necessarily mean that the entrants will be entitled to play.*

On September 19th the 128 couples with the lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Ranelagh; playing limit for any couple, 18. The 128 couples with the next lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Roehampton; playing limit for any couple, 30. The remaining couples will be placed in order of their joint handicaps on a waiting list from which vacancies will be filled. In the case of two or more couples having the same handicap, priority of entry will decide their order.

If more than 256 couples enter, vacancies caused by withdrawals in the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh will be filled by the lowest handicap couples in the Roehampton Foursomes: vacancies in the Roehampton Foursomes by the lowest handicap couples on the waiting list. Should there be no waiting list, walk-overs will be given to the opponents in whichever tournament the scratching occurs.

Reductions of handicap should be notified at once to Miss E. E. Helme.

Pairs who have reached any Bystander Foursomes final during 1934 or 1935 whether Autumn, Northern, Scottish or Roehampton, will, if entering together, have the option of being put into the Ranelagh draw whatever their handicap, but cannot play on more than the limit of 18. Such entries should be clearly marked *Finalists*, and the entrants *must* state in which tournament they wish to play.

Entries will be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps.

Both foursomes will be played as match play tournaments under ⅞ths of the difference in combined handicaps, limited as above. Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes, if any, being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and in the event of the original partner failing, may substitute another up to the time play starts, *if they notify Miss E. E. Helme* of the change.

The Directors of the Bystander reserve to themselves the right to accept or refuse any entry and to alter or amend any of these conditions. The decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

FORUM CLUB HOSPITALITY

The Forum Club, 6, Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, most generously give Honorary Membership to all competitors during the Autumn Foursomes. As bedroom accommodation is limited, those wishing to avail themselves of this privilege by staying there should apply as soon as possible to the Secretary there. Visitors' tickets for other competitors will be obtainable from Bystander officials at Ranelagh and Roehampton.

THE ANNUAL "BYSTANDER" DINNER

kindly arranged by the Sports Section of the Forum Club, will be held there on Thursday, October 10th. Tickets 5s. 6d. obtainable from the Secretary.

ENTRANCE FORM

Ranelagh and Roehampton, 1935 No Entrance Fee

To be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, the Bystander Office, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, not later than Thursday, September 19th.

Ladies' Autumn Foursomes—
Ranelagh, October 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th

Roehampton Foursomes—
Roehampton, October 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th

(*PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS*)

Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* .....*Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address.....*Telephone No*.....

To play in whichever of the above Foursomes she is eligible for by handicap with her partner

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of*.....*Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address.....*Telephone No*.....

Any alteration of partner or handicap, change of address or telephone number to be notified at once, please, to Miss Helme at the above address

Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors, Illustrated Newspapers, Limited, by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Limited, Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by Illustrated Newspapers, Limited, at 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Wednesday, September 11, 1935.
Entered as second-class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

THIS IS THE FINEST MAGAZINE FOR HOLIDAY READING

SEPTEMBER ISSUE—ON SALE NOW

OLD TALES RE-TOLD: Babylon, City of Carnage and Cruelty: *Written and Illustrated by Fortunino Matania, R.I.*
HOW TIMES *DO* CHANGE: No. 9. Speed.
"A LITTLE SATISFACTION": *by W. H. Williamson.*
"BOOM . . . ?": *by C. Patrick Thompson.*
"ONE—NOT TWO": *by Achmed Abdullah.*
"FUN": *by May Edginton.*
"WHY NOT?": *by H. T. W. Bousfield.*
FOR BLONDES—AND OTHERS. *Jean Harlow talks about Clothes.*
'THE IDEAL HE": *by George Froxfield.*
THE SECOND INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION: *by Joan Woollcombe.*
"BOO-ED TO FORTUNE": *by Hannen Swaffer.*
"THE SALMON": *by R. P. Russ.*
WINTER COLOUR SCHEMES FOR THE HOME: *by Winifred Lewis.*
NEW DECORATIONS FOR YOUR WINDOWS.
HUMAN PICTURE GALLERIES: *by George Frederic Lees.*
BOOKS: *Reviewed by Arnold Palmer.*
FASHIONS: *by Jean Burnup.*
ARTIFICIAL SUNSHINE WILL BRIGHTEN YOUR HOME: *some practical hints.*
HEALTH AND BEAUTY: *by "Chrysis."*
I'LL TELL YOU ALL I KNOW: *by Mary Young.*
HOW TO BANISH HOUSE DRUDGERY: *some new labour-saving ideas.*
ARCHITECTURAL LAMPS FOR THE HOME: *by R. M. Lester.*
GAME IS IN SEASON: *how to prepare and serve it.*
SOMETHING TASTY FOR TEA: *by A. H. Adair.*
ESPECIALLY FOR HOUSEWIVES.
MOTORING SECTION: *Conducted by The Earl of Cardigan.*

BRITANNIA AND EVE

THE MOST ENTERTAINING MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD

YOU CAN GET IT AT ANY BOOKSTALL IN TOWN—IN THE COUNTRY—AND AT THE SEA

DEWAR'S
The Jubilee Spirit
AWARDED 50 MEDALS
PERTH
"White Label
FINEST SCOTCH WHISKY
OF GREAT AGE
John Dewar & Son
DISTILLERS
PERTH
Nothing more refreshing ~

Monte Carlo Beach

Here is Europe's southern playground, a place of southern sunlight and the freedom of the South, a place in which to please yourself—to do whatever you like whenever you like to do it . . .

On Mont Agel there is a golf course, eighteen holes, three thousand feet up, where the air is always fresh and cool. At the Country Club there are a number of excellent tennis courts. And at the Beach there is a sea-water swimming-pool, one of the finest in Europe, for those who mistrust the actual sea, or there is aqua-planing in the bay for the more adventurous.

At Monte Carlo Beach the design for a perfect summer resort has been perfectly carried out. Hotels, restaurant, swimming-pool, tennis courts, Summer Sporting Club have all been built at the very edge of the sea within a stone's throw of each other.

And it is not too far—a night's journey by rail, or a day's journey by air. And staying there is not expensive, even at the best hotels, where under an inclusive arrangement, you may take your meals without extra charge at the Sporting Club or the Beach Restaurant as well as in your hotel.

By the Swimming Pool

GETTING MARRIED

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Lenare

Audrey Bray

Is engaged to Sub-Lieut. Robert David Verner-Jeffreys, R.N., elder son of the late Commander R. Jeffreys, R.N., and of Mrs. Verner-Jeffreys, of Brockhurst, Ewhurst, Surrey. She is the daughter of the late Mr. G. T. Bray, and of Mrs. Bray, of Hurst, Capel, Surrey

Lenare

Sheila Swift

Is the elder twin daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lionel D. P. Swift, of Beechwood, Eastbourne, and is marrying Lieut.-Commander John Francis Whitfield, R.N., younger son of the late Mr. H. Whitfield, and of Mrs. G. Bullock, Timau, Kenya Colony

Lenare

Hon. Ursula Hanbury-Tracy

Is marrying Lt.-Col. Claude Nicholson, 16th/15th Lancers, Staff College, Camberley, the eldest son of Mr. R. F. Nicholson, Woodcott House, Whitchurch. She is the only daughter of the late Major the Hon. A. Hanbury-Tracy, and Mrs. Hanbury-Tracy of Hays House, Sedgehill

Lenare

Cecily Mackworth

Is the elder daughter of the late Major Francis Mackworth, R.A., and of Mrs. Gatehouse, of Cornerways, Sidmouth; she is to marry Leon Donckier de Donceel, only son of M. and Mme. Donckier de Donceel, of 122, Avenue Molière, Brussels

Bassano

Sheilagh Carlyle

Is engaged to W. G. Macgregor, the only child of the late Lieut.-Col. P. A. Macgregor, D.S.O., Coldstream Guards, and of Mrs. Macgregor, Third Avenue, Hove. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Carlyle, of Chester Lodge, Meads, Eastbourne

Bassano

Teresa Gordon

Is to marry Dr. B. Cole Gilsenan, M.B., the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Gilsenan, of St. Raphael, Crawley. She is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. Luis Gordon, and of Mrs. Gordon, of Manor House, Ifield

Reid—Burt

Patrick Stuart Murray Reid, son of the late Mr. W. S. S. Reid, and of Lady Watts, of 3, Eccleston Square, and Molly Anne, only daughter of the late Mr. J. A. Burt, and of Mrs. Burt, of Dunedin, New Zealand, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Hay Wrighton

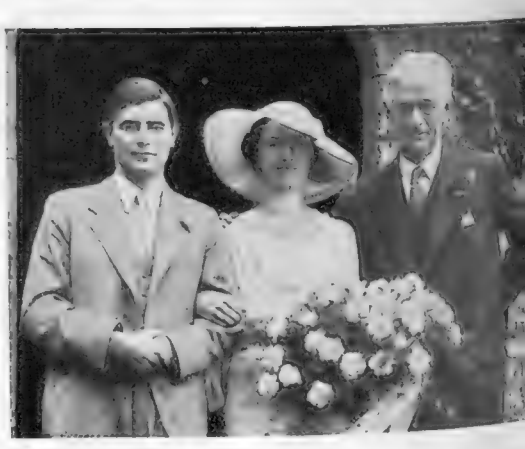
Barbara Cottrell

Is the eldest daughter of Major A. F. B. Cottrell, D.S.O., R.A., and Mrs. Cottrell, Kingsworthy Grove, near Winchester, and is engaged to William L. Gorell Barnes, of H.M. Diplomatic Service, the younger surviving son of Sir Frederic and Lady Gorell Barnes

Lenare

Doreen Catleugh

Is the youngest daughter of Mr. J. Harwood Catleugh, M.B.E., J.P., and Mrs. Catleugh, of King's Lynn; she is to marry Eustace Gillett, the youngest son of Sir George Gillett, J.P., M.P., and Lady Gillett, of 24, Redington Road, Hampstead, N.W.3



Balkwill—de Selincourt

Michael Balkwill and Bridget, only daughter of Mr. Hugh de Selincourt, the noted author and broadcaster on cricket topics, who is seen with them, were married at St. Mary's, Thakenham, Sussex

Murray — George

Archibald John Murray, the Black Watch, eldest son of Lt.-Col. A. D. Murray, D.S.O., and Mrs. Murray, of Whitfield, Falfield, Glos., and Nancy George were married in the Parish Church, Wraxall, Somerset. The bride is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. George, Tillside, Barrow Gurney, Somerset

Greaves — Williams

Flight-Lieut. John Dawson Greaves, R.A.F., and Joyce Helen Williams, only daughter of the Rev. D. R. A. and Mrs. Williams, of Long Crendon Vicarage, Bucks, were married in the Parish Church at Long Crendon. The bridegroom is the younger son of the late Mr. S. C. and Mrs. Greaves, of Cracoe, Yorks.

Corsi — Wingfield

Captain A. Corsi, Royal Italian Navy, eldest son of Baron and Baroness Corsi di Turri, Rome, and Diana Wingfield, daughter of Sir Charles and Lady Wingfield, were married in Wardour Castle Chapel. Sir Charles Wingfield is the British Ambassador at Lisbon

Cowdy — Stewart-Liberty

John Bernard Cowdy, third son of the late Mr. Edward Cowdy and Mrs. Cowdy, of Summer Island, Loughgall, Co. Armagh, and Susan Stewart-Liberty, the eldest child of Captain and Mrs. Ivor Stewart-Liberty, of the Lee Manor, Bucks, were married in the Lee Parish Church

Legard — L'Estrange Malone

Thomas Digby Legard and Mary Helen L'Estrange Malone, eldest daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. L'Estrange Malone, of West Lodge, Malton, were married at St. Peter's Church, Norton, Malton. The bridegroom is the eldest son of Sir Digby Legard, Bt., and Lady Legard, of Knapton Hall, Malton

Coburn — Lindo

Donald Francis Coburn, the Leicestershire Regiment, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Coburn, of Hyde Park Gate, S.W., and Margaret Lindo, were married at All Saints' Church, Child's Hill. The bride is the daughter of the late Mr. R. H. Lindo, and of Mrs. Lindo, of Yale Court, N.W.6

Duncombe-Anderson — Mawson

R. F. Duncombe-Anderson, the East Surrey Regiment, second son of Captain and Mrs. W. A. Duncombe-Anderson, of St. John's, Abbots Ann, Andover, and Elizabeth Francis Mawson, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Mawson, of Norman Court, Upper Clatford, Andover, were married at All Saints' Church, Upper Clatford

Beharrell — Williamson

Jack Beharrell and Mary Williamson were married at St. Peter's Church, Walton-on-the-Hill, Surrey. The bridegroom is the son of Lieut.-Col. Sir George Beharrell, D.S.O., and Lady Beharrell, of Walton Heath Cottage, Walton-on-the-Hill

Brooke — Tabbernor

Edmund Gordon Brooke, 2nd/10th Gurkha Rifles, only son of Mr. and Mrs. William Brooke, of Eaton Rise, Ealing, and Aimée Violet Marjorie Tabbernor, eldest daughter of the late Mr. W. G. Tabbernor, and of Mrs. Richards, Aldford House, Park Lane, W.1, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

ACCENT ON YOUTH.—A witty original comedy with an old story but a new treatment; Nicholas Hannen as a middle-aged playwright and Greer Garson as his young secretary are excellent; so is the whole cast: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CLOSE QUARTERS.—Fine acting by Flora Robson and Oscar Homolka in this two-charactered drama with a murder foundation: Savoy, 8.45. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—Someone 's got to give way in every marriage—Diana Churchill and Richard Bird can't decide who; easy, relevant dialogue and incident make an amusing evening: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE HOUSE OF BORGIA.—Clifford Bax's play about Cesar Borgia, played by Reginald Tate, with Iris Baker as Lucrezia, Russell Thorndike as Alexander: Embassy, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—The delightful Chinese play can be seen again, with Carol Coombe as heroine: Little, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE ON THE DOLE.—A play for everyone to see—a stage microcosm of the industrial depression that is moving in its reality and humour; a brilliant performance by Wendy Hiller: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NOAH.—A great impersonation of Noah by John Gielgud; Marjorie Fielding is Mrs. Noah; this English version of Obey's drama has much of the profundity, humour and poetry of the original: New, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

PYGMALION.—Second play of the Macdona Players' Shaw season, with Esmé Percy and Margaret Rawlings, and Barbara Everest and Frank Bertram as guest artists: Cambridge, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SWEET ALOES.—Diana Wynyard's fine acting as the wronged heroine of Jay Mallory's play must be seen again: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TOVARICH.—First-class theatrical value as to story and dialogue, and a fine cast headed by Eugénie Leontovich and Cedric Hardwicke: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE UNGUARDED HOUR.—Strong legal drama attacking dangers of circumstantial evidence. Fine performances by Godfrey Tearle and Malcolm Keen: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—Mackenzie Ward in Robert Harris's part as the young hero of this long-running story of student life in Edinburgh; Celia Johnson plays the heroine: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

YOSHE KALB.—Maurice Schwartz and the Yiddish Art Theatre Company return to London: His Majesty's, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

With Music

ANYTHING GOES.—You 'll like Cole Porter's music, Jeanne Aubert's shining effectiveness, Sydney Howard's fooling, and the whole speedy, decorative, amusing show: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GLAMOROUS NIGHT.—Not for the critical sophisticate, but it 's got everything a full-size Ruritanian musical comedy can have, including Mary Ellis and Ivor Novello: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE LAUGHS—!—Renée Houston is the shining star of this cheerful musical comedy with a film studio story; Laddie Cliff, Alan Kearns, Barbara Newberry are in it too: Hippodrome, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 65.—Meggie Eaton and Doris Barry, soubrettes; Eddie Kelland sings and dances, Eric Woodburn sings, and Eric Barker and Milne and West do funny stuff: Windmill, 1.20-11.30, non-stop.

STOP . . . GO!—Charlot's new lucky dip, with Dorothy Ward, Douglas Byng, Mary Brian, and some good chorus ensembles as the best dips: Vaudeville, 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.

1066 AND ALL THAT.—The most original revue in London; history burlesqued into fits of laughter; and the cast obviously enjoy themselves: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TULIP TIME.—Twice nightly comedy with music. George Gee, Steve Geray, Jean Colin, and Sydney Fairbrother in unsophisticated humour and colourful scenes: Alhambra, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

AS BAD AS I AM.—A farcical comedy with a Society setting. Pamela Stanley and Jack Hobbs as the heroine and hero: Ambassadors, 8.30.

FULL HOUSE.—Ivor Novello's farcical comedy makes some people laugh; Lilian Braithwaite carries off a foolish part with her customary brilliance: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Don't go if you 're nervous—Emlyn Williams acts the young murderer too well; there 's humour as well as horror in this excellent play: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROUND ABOUT REGENT STREET.—A new nonsense in Crazy Month style, with Nervo and Knox, Naughton and Gold, Flanagan and Allen, and a good variety programme: Palladium, 6.30, 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.—This mixture of farce and crime is the greatest success for a lowbrow evening; Henry Kendall and Nancy O'Neil are in it: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS.—It 's a well-acted play about a wife-poisoner—Leslie Banks; Louise Hampton, Elena Miramova, and Joan Maude as wives past, present, to come: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

VINTAGE WINE.—Seymour Hicks has revived this comedy; Julia Neilson and Ursula Jeans are in it, too: Victoria Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Night

NINA.—Lucie Mannheim, Lydia Sherwood, Hugh Miller and Cecil Parker are in this new German comedy: Criterion, September 17th.

CINEMAS

THE BLACK ROOM.—Boris Karloff in yet another horrifier: London Pavilion.

BONNIE SCOTLAND.—A Laurel and Hardy nonsense; their Scottish recipe is a good one: Empire.

BOYS WILL BE BOYS.—Will Hay and his "Narkover" boys have moved here. Also AIR HAWKS, in which Wiley Post appears, with Ralph Bellamy and Tala Birell: Capitol.

BREAK OF HEARTS.—Katharine Hepburn and Charles Boyer are teamed in this sentimental story: Plaza.

THE CRUSADES.—Spectacularly superb, historically absurd; this de Mille production is good screen value, and Herbert Wilcoxon, Loretta Young, Ian Keith and Katherine de Mille all look their parts: Carlton.

DOOD WATER.—A Dutch talking picture, with fine pictures of the fishermen turned farmers who live by the Zuyder Zee: Academy.

LITTLE COLONEL.—Little Shirley Temple has a granddaughter rôle this time, with Lionel Barrymore as her crusty, soft-hearted grandfather: Regal.

ON WINGS OF SONG.—Grace Moore's second film has lots of singing, some story and good acting; Leo Carrillo, Robert Allen and Michael Bartlett, the tenor, are her three squires: Tivoli.

PEG OF OLD DRURY.—Anna Neagle as Peg Woffington, and Cedric Hardwicke as Garrick, both act brilliantly; the production and setting are excellent; a film to see: Leicester Square.

ROBERTA.—Here 's a re-showing of the American musical comedy, with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers as the perfect dancing team: Marble Arch Pavilion.

THE SCOUNDREL.—Noel Coward's film, in which Julie Haydon 's the attractive heroine, is amusing and original: Curzon.

STORMY WEATHER.—Tom Walls and Ralph Lynn are together again, with Yvonne Arnaud; the story is Ben Travers': New Gallery.

BALLET

BALLETS DE LÉON WOIZIKOVSKY.—Three weeks' season; the repertoire includes SYLPHIDES, PETROUCHKA, CARNAVAL, PRINCE IGOR, L'AMOUR SORCIER, SPECTRE DE LA ROSE: Coliseum, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MUSIC

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Sir Henry Wood conducting the B.B.C. Orchestra: Queen's Hall, 8.

TO-NIGHT: Bach-Handel concert includes Bach's Violin Concerto No. 2 (Alma Moodie), Concerto No. 2 in C for two pianos and strings (Ethel Bartlett and Rae Robertson); Isobel Baillie and William Parsons sing.

SEPTEMBER 12TH: Rachmaninov's Piano Concerto No. 2 is played by Solomon; Arthur Bliss's Suite from Film Music has first concert performance.

SEPTEMBER 13TH: Beethoven concert includes the Third Symphony and Piano Concerto No. 2 (Eileen Joyce).

SEPTEMBER 14TH: Saturday programme features Rossini, Tchaikowsky, Delius, Handel, Holst, also Max Bruch's Violin Concerto No. 1 (Isolde Menges).

SEPTEMBER 16TH: Wagner concert, with Oda Slobodskaya and Parry Jones as soloists.

SEPTEMBER 17TH: Hamilton Harty's Violin Concerto (Paul Beard); Dvorak's New World Symphony; Delius' Walk to the Paradise Garden.

EXHIBITIONS

INDUSTRIAL PHOTOGRAPHY: Royal Institute Galleries, Piccadilly, to September 14th.

SUMMER EXHIBITION OF OILS AND WATER-COLOURS.—John, Nash, Gill, Sickert, etc.: Redfern Gallery, Old Bond Street.

PAINTINGS BY BRITISH AND FRENCH ARTISTS.—Lefevre Galleries, King Street, St. James's, to September 17th.

MODERN PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITURE: Royal Institute Galleries, Piccadilly, from September 17th.

NATIONAL ROSE SOCIETY: Horticultural Hall, September 13th-14th.

DANCING AND DINING

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Elisabeth Welch, the coloured singer, entertains; Jack Harris and his famous band play; you can dance without dressing on the balcony: extension, Wednesday. Grand re-opening—to-night.

DORCHESTER.—Naunton Wayne and Jane Carr each do a turn at midnight; Jack Jackson's band supplies excellent dance music: extension Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—Harriet Hutchins, impersonator, and Van Dock, cartoonist, provide cabaret, and Syd Lipton the dance music: extension, Thursday.

LANSDOWNE HOUSE.—There 's a good band, and you can dance in any clothes; no cabaret.

NEW CLARGES RESTAURANT.—Here you eat and talk—there 's no music or dancing; the food and wines are good, and fish dishes are a speciality.

QUAGLINO'S.—Eric Barker appears, humorously, at midnight; Van Straten's band plays; in the grill evening dress is optional: extension, Wednesday.

SAN MARCO.—Mantovani's band is one of London's most attractive—and quiet; one must dress to dance: extension Wednesday.

SPORT

TENNIS.—Junior Lawn Tennis Championships: Wimbledon, September 9th-14th.

GOLF.—*News of the World* £1250 Tournament: Richmond, Surrey, September 10th-13th.

RACING.—Doncaster St. Leger Meeting: September 10th-13th.

GOLF.—Central England Open Mixed Foursomes: Woodhall Spa, September 14th-17th.

CROQUET.—President's Cup and Creyke Cups: Roehampton, September 16th.

YOU want Best Seats
WE have them
KEITH PROWSE
Theatres, Cinemas, Cabarets, Sporting Events, etc.
159 NEW BOND ST., W.1 (REGent 6000), and Branches everywhere — see Telephone Directory

AND we have the Best Show
REVUDEVILLE
at the
WINDMILL
PICCADILLY CIRCUS

How difficult it is, sometimes, to get a wash! At dances, parties, games, or when travelling, for instance. But now you can be independent of soap and water, thanks to One-da Wafers. A gentle rub with one of these wonderful little soft felt discs, and your skin is perfectly cleansed, cooled, and fresh as a lily again. Self-drying, non-greasy, soothing to wind-roughened skins, and all self-contained in a neat box no larger than a compact.

GET A BOX TO-DAY and carry "a wash in your pocket" or handbag.

ONE-DA *Protected by Patent*
CLEANSING WAFERS
Pocket Box: 1/3 Handbag Size: 6d.

Send a TO-DAY for special Handbag size and name of nearest dealer, to Osborne, Garrett & Co., Ltd., London, W.1.

From Hairdressers Stores, Chemists

ACHES PAINS STIFFNESS
RUBBED AWAY

STIFF JOINTS
STRAINED MUSCLES
MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM
SCIATICA
LUMBAGO
etc.

Muscular pains, strains, stiffness, are all signs of local congestion. Relieve the congestion and you get rid of the pain. Hence the need for a good rub with Volatol to stimulate circulation, expand the blood vessels and carry away the pain.
Of all Chemists 2/-

Rub a little in...feel a lot better
VOLATOL
TAKES PAINS

ESD
SAFE BIND
SAFE FIND
PRIVATE STEEL SAFES
From 6D. a week
LONDON SAFE DEPOSIT
18-20, LOWER REGENT ST. PICCADILLY CIRCUS

When you see a
BUCHANAN
PRODUCTION
you will find the words
STOCKINGS BY BONDOR
in your programme

The New Debenham Styles in
Tailored ...Shirts
for Autumn

The New Iranian Silk Shirt . . .
The charm of this shirt lies in the softness of the silk and the beauty of the colours. In persian red, navy and brown ground colours. Sizes 13 to 14½ 45/9

Tailored Sports Shirt of washing silk — the double stitched collar is quite a new feature, and the stitching on the front and pockets gives an attractive finish. In ivory, pink, grey, shades of beige and of blue, nigger and navy. Sizes 13 to 14½ 35/9
Size 15 39/6

Debenham&Freebody
WIGMORE ST., W.1. (Debenhams Ltd.)

THE BYSTANDER
346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 8020.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
(Revised from January 1, 1935.)

Published Weekly at 1/-	Twelve Months, including Xmas Number.	Six Months, including Xmas Number.	Six Months, No Extras.	Three Months, No Extras.
Inland ..	£ s. d. 3 0 10	£ s. d. 1 11 6	£ s. d. 1 9 3	s. d. 14 9
Canada ..	£ s. d. 3 0 8	£ s. d. 1 10 6	£ s. d. 1 9 3	s. d. 14 9
Elsewhere Abroad ..	£ s. d. 3 5 0	£ s. d. 1 13 8	£ s. d. 1 11 4	s. d. 15 9

In all cases including postage.

ORDER FORM.

To the Publisher of
The Bystander,
346, Strand,
London, W.C.2.

Please send me The Bystander *weekly for.....months commencing with the issue of .....*

for which I enclose.....

Name.....

Address.....

Date .....1935.

Postage Rates: INLAND 1½d. CANADA and NEWFOUNDLAND 1½d. FOREIGN 3d.

YOU CAN AFFORD A TOUR TO SOUTH AFRICA

REDUCED RETURN FARES TO CAPETOWN

£90 FIRST CLASS £60 SECOND CLASS £30 TOURIST CLASS

By Mail vessels sailing from Southampton November 29, December 13 and 27, 1935, and January 10, 1936

Return Fares to other South African Ports upon application.

★ **TOURS ROUND AFRICA**

December 28, 1935, and January 3, 1936

Fares for round voyage

£105 FIRST CLASS £50 TOURIST CLASS

★ **MADEIRA FOR CHRISTMAS**

Special Tours on December 13 and 20, 1935 £20 FIRST CLASS RETURN

Union-Castle SUNSHINE TOURS

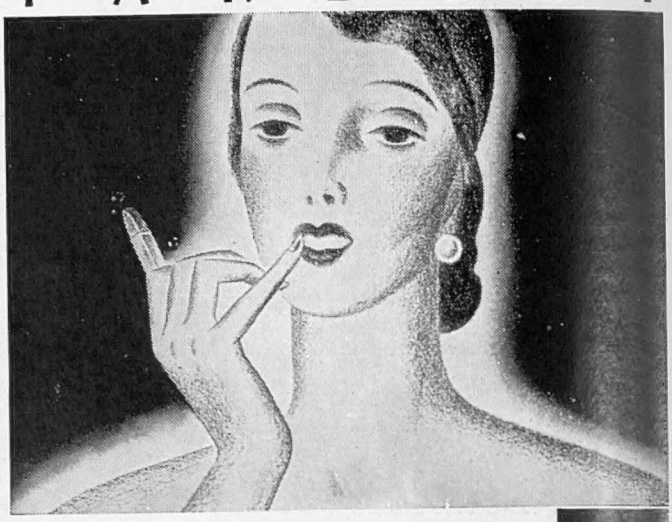
Write for illustrated folders:—

Head Office: 3, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.3.

West End Agency: 125, Pall Mall, S.W.1., or Local Agents.

CVS—14

YARDLEY



BEAUTY SECRETS FROM BOND STREET

Beauty is a passport to all the high adventure, the gaiety, the romance that life can offer.

Yet, though she covets it, the busy woman often fails to attain her share of this precious thing. For her, and for all women, Yardley now offer a beauty treatment that may be achieved simply and satisfyingly at home; Yardley present BEAUTY SECRETS FROM BOND STREET—a new series of Beauty Preparations whose balanced ingredients embody the very latest ideas on beauty culture which have emerged from Yardley's wealth of experience and research work in this field: preparations which are simple to use and which can be relied upon to give that clear, healthful skin texture which is essential to beauty.

First is the snowy-white English Complexion Cream for cleansing and to soothe and revive tired skin at night. Then tissues soaked in the Toning Lotion to remove the Cream and last traces of dirt, and to freshen and brace the skin. Next the Skin Food to nourish the hungry skin and keep the contours of the face youthfully rounded and the skin clear and velvety.

For make-up, a light film of the Foundation Cream into which the Rouge Cream can be artistically worked to give a soft, natural bloom of colour, then the fine, clinging "Silver Box" Powder (an attractive shade is English Peach), an accentuation of the mouth with the new Indelible Lipstick, and finally, a trace of the Eye Shadow to flatter the eyes. The result—with a skin that is cared for by the Yardley Beauty Preparations—is one of living, radiant beauty.

The Beauty Secrets Series can be obtained at the Best Chemists, Coiffeurs and Stores, and comprise:

English Complexion Cream 2/6	*Skin Lotion* 2/6	*Rouge Cream* 2/-
Toning Lotion 2/6	*Foundation Cream* 2/-	*Lipstick* 3/-
Skin Food 2/6	*Face Powder* 2/-	*Eye Shadow* 2/-

The Beauty Box containing English Complexion Cream, Toning Lotion, Skin Food, Skin Lotion, Foundation Cream and Tissues, together with Beauty Booklet, costs 13/6.

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET

"BEAUTY SECRETS FROM BOND STREET" and learn about these preparations—how Yardley help to make beauty a daily effortless habit. Post Free on application to Yardley, 33 Old Bond Street, London, W.1. *Ask for Booklet No. 115*

YARDLEY · 33 OLD BOND STREET · LONDON